JOHN BULL, *January 27, 1923.* *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 860. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

£? SAVED
ASK YOUR GROCER
Jaeger's Treacle
SWEET & MELLOW
DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN GET IT REFILLED
3d per lb Cheaper

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

A Recipe for Riches

by

J. St. Loe Strachey

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND ACUTE KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Nurse Dickens explains a natural and permanent cure at home by the same treatment as used in hospitals.

NUMEROUS pain—and disease-causing impurities which clog the organs of filtration are always *acidulous*; therefore the drinking of strongly *alkaline* hot water offers the best and only logical means of neutralising and washing them out. Remember that the waters of such world-famous medicinal springs as those at Chatel Guyon, Contrexeville, Evian, Vittel, Ems, Carlsbad, Marienbad, and others equally celebrated but difficult and expensive to get to, *are all strongly alkaline.* This is the secret of their wonderful effects. When we consider the thousands who have visited these famous health resorts and the marvellous results produced, nothing further need be said about the merits of alkaline water as compared with powerful drugs, noxious medicines, nerve-depressing salts and bromides, or any other forms of treatment. Neglecting to thoroughly flush out the kidneys occasionally, not only results sooner or later in backache, rheumatism, uric acid disorders, etc., but if continued long enough it is even capable of bringing on such dreaded maladies as Dropsy, Bright's Disease, or Diabetes. Other serious results may be kidney or bladder stones, which are formed by the crystallisation of uric acid, urates or other salts. This is due to the lack of sufficient alkaline elements to keep the uric acid dissolved, which, therefore, is not expelled. Gall stones may also be produced by inflammation of the gall bladder changing the bile so that certain component elements become insoluble. These stones by blocking up the bile duct or grinding back and forth cause acute agony. High blood pressure and calcification or hardening of the arteries, liver and other organs are also due to similar causes. Aged persons are by no means the only ones subject to these afflictions. When the arteries lose their elasticity and are therefore unable to equalise the blood pressure by expanding or contracting, the strain on the heart becomes serious or even dangerous. Any sudden exertion, shock or excitement can prove fatal in advanced cases. With such developments as Hardened Arteries, Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Stones, Gravel, etc., it is not my purpose to deal here. If their existence is even suspected they should receive the personal attention of a good physician or surgeon without delay, for delay may be dangerous and any attempt at self-treatment is to be strongly deprecated. It is only with their prevention that we have to deal here, and obviously the most logical way to prevent them is by regularly and thoroughly cleansing the entire system of the constantly developing impurities and poisons. Call these microbes, bacilli, toxins, bacteria, stomach acids, uric acids, or by any other name you like, but they are all simply poisons or body impurities which form the primary cause of organic and other diseases. It is only when you neglect the organs of filtration and excretion, however, that the impurities remain in the body long enough to do any harm.

IF YOUR KIDNEYS ONLY HAD WINDOWS

Then the cause of Backache, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Diabetes, etc., would be no mystery and you would know what to do.

THIS ALKALINE WATER IS BETTER THAN MEDICINES TO CLEANSE THE LIVER, FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND GET RID OF BODY ACIDS, POISONS, etc., etc.

It is a simple matter for anyone to prepare at home strongly alkaline medicinal water which contains essential mineral constituent ingredients similar to those found in the waters of various celebrated mineral springs. Any chemist can supply at little cost these same medicinal elements (as accurately ascertained by chemical analysis) already compounded in just the right proportions and in the form of an immediately soluble powder. The compound is well-known to chemists and medical men prescribe it by the registered name of Alkia Saltrates (powder form). Merely dissolve a level teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water, and drink once or twice daily. This pleasant-tasting natural medicinal alkaline drink will promptly dissolve, neutralise and wash out the painful and disease causing poisons or harmful body acids. It is astonishing to note how quickly aches and pains then disappear and how soon a state of absolutely perfect physical health and fitness may be attained.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd (Dept. 246 E.), Euston Buildings, London, N.W. 1, who prepare a very high grade of Alkia Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product with a regular 1/9 size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for the postage, packing, etc.

Going! Going! G--!

"Your time's nearly up! The hands of the clock are creeping round to the closing hour. One last rush and then for the grand distribution of prizes. Hurry!"

Many eager hands will be stretched out this week to grasp JOHN BULL's great offer which is about to be withdrawn. We repeat the offer once more:

A 10/6 Pen (Complete with Clip) *for* 3/6

AND

a 2/6 Ballot Ticket *FREE!*

Get a 10/6 JOHN BULL Pen (complete with clip) for 3/6, and we will purchase on your behalf a 2/6 Ticket in the Great Poster Ballot. Accept the ticket free! With your Ticket will come particulars of a fascinating and simple competition, with a huge prize list as follows: 1st Prize £3,000, 2nd Prize £1,000, 3rd Prize £350, 4th Prize £200, 5th Prize £100, and other cash prizes from £10 to £1—in all £5,000. Think of the joy of seeing your name at the head of the prize winners! You have just as good a chance as anyone else. Don't let £3,000 slip through your fingers without an effort! It's your last chance! Going! Going! G———!

The Pen, complete with clip, is in itself a mighty bargain! In workmanship and efficiency, coupled with a matchless 14ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, it is the equal in every way of the half guinea article. Fully guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfied. Offer applies to readers in British Isles only.

"John Bull's" Gift Coupon.

To JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me a 10/6 Pen, complete with clip, for 3/6, fitted with broad, medium fine nib (cross out grade not required). I enclose cheque/P.O. for 3/9 (which includes 3d. extra for postage and insurance). Please include without extra charge a 2s. 6d. Voting Ticket in the GREAT Poster BALLOT and full particulars.

Cross cheque/P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J.B. 27.1.23.

Our Great New Insurance Gift.

The greatest free protection in the World.

Now that the daily papers have curtailed their insurance schemes, the superiority of JOHN BULL's Great Insurance Gift stands out more prominently than ever.

JOHN BULL is the only paper that deals with its own cases—the only paper that has increased and extended its Insurance Benefits for 1923—the only paper that offers you protection free from the harassing restrictions of an Insurance Company.

And in spite of all these advantages, it costs you only 2d. a week to register for JOHN BULL as against 6d. per week to be insured with a daily paper.

The wonderful free benefits set forth below are the most comprehensive ever offered by any paper. Read them—compare them with benefits offered elsewhere, then sign the forms below.

NEW SICKNESS BENEFITS.

This new benefit is one more reason why you cannot afford to overlook our Great Insurance Gift. JOHN BULL now protects you against Fire, Home Accidents, Household Accidents and Sickness. Don't delay. Sign to-day.

WHAT WE GIVE:

Fire in the Home.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

Home Accidents.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Household Benefits.

£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£200—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£200—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£200—damage by storm, tempest, or flood.
£200—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees under similar circumstances.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Sickness Benefits.

£5 5s. towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Mumps, Cerebro-Spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever), Measles, Anthrax, Whooping Cough.

This Benefit is only payable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

CUT HERE

J.B. 27.1.23. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 27.1.23. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging 6 words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and traveller's samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

20/- capital and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (wholesale), Reduced Price, 20-page Price List free, full of Bargains in General Drapery, Pants, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—HARRY H. CLEGG (Dept. R.), 86, High Street, Manchester. (The English firm.)

AGENTS WANTED.

CHOCOLATES and CIGARETTES. — Spare-time agents wanted to form clubs for Easter. Good commission. No outlay.—For particulars apply, Harold Hill, Ltd., 23, Lowtown, Pudsey, Yorks.

ADD to your weekly earnings by selling in spare time Boots, Clothing, Household Drapery, Lino, Carpets, etc. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply to Freemans, Contractors H.M. Govt., Lavender Hill, London.

£5 PER WEEK EASILY EARNED by becoming a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. No experience or outlay needed.—Write for Golden Book and Free Working Outfit, JOHN BULL, Section 2, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for skilled Armourers, Acetylene Welders, Clerks (general and stores accounting), Hospital Orderlies, Fitters, Cooks and Butchers, Drivers (petrol, winch and stationary oil engine), Motor Cyclists, Engine Driver-Fitters, Dynamo and Switchboard Attendants, Power Station and Shift Engineers and Vulcanisers; also for semi-skilled Drivers petrol and unskilled men of good education. Ages, ex-Service 18 to 30, Civilians 18 to 26. Pay starts 3/- to 4/- a day. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church Street, Birmingham; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, Dene Ho., Ellison Pl., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES. SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 130, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay for 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Journal Chambers, Pelham Street, Nottingham.

10,000 WORD new Mail Order business guide (illustrated), 1/6. 32 page catalogue 2d.—J. and R. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

EARN £5.—Give my catalogues to friends, etc. No selling to do. Send address to A. McNorton, Manufacturing Chemist, 43, Durham Road, Sheffield.

BARGAIN SALES.

WRITE for Catalogue of Boots, Clothing, Watches, Clocks, Accordions, etc., easy terms, 4/- monthly.—Master's, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, Rye.

BILLIARD Table to place on your dining table, from £7 15s.; suit any room; easy payments.—Write for free list to E. J. Riley, Limited, Barbican Works, Accrington.

3,000 MONEY SAVING BARGAINS!—Illustrated in H. Samuel's world-famous FREE BOOK. Yours for a post card. Write for it now! It's packed with sensational offers in Jewellery, Watches and Plate at next to factory prices. Free prizes for all buyers. Solid Gold Bracelet Watches, largest selection in the country, from 52/6; Pocket Lever, 17/6; Plated Cake Basket, 12/6; Tea Knives, 6/6; amazing value! Full month's trial with any article. Write to-day.—H. SAMUEL, LTD., 109, Market Street, Manchester.

BEAUTIFULLY-MADE Cigarette, Note and Card Case, with holder for cigarette tube, English make, from specially selected real Morocco leather, 4/6 post free.—Bown's, 70, East India Dock Road, Poplar, E.

LIFE-SIZE ENLARGEMENTS, 20 x 16, from any photo, 2/9 post free. Postcards 3/- doz.—Studio, 194, Tulse Hill, S.W.2.

KERBS and other household bargains. Write for catalogue.—Downes Supply Co., 45a, Imperial Buildings, Dale End, Birmingham.

BLANKETS.—Super All Wool, 64 x 84, 7 lb., 20/-; 72 x 90, 9 lb., 26/-. C. Pd. Satis. or cash ref. Curtainings, Samples post free.—Casement Curtain Co., 28, Allum St., Manchester.

1/- WEEKLY. Drapery, Footwear, Clothing, Jewellery, Cutlery or anything obtained to order.—"J.B." 126, Millfields Road, E.5.

INCANDESCENT oil lamp burners, to fit any "Duplex" lamp, gives a brilliant white incandescent light, 85 candle power; burns 12 pints of paraffin oil in 18 hours; price 16/- complete, post free; sent on a 7 days' free trial; cash refunded in full if not absolutely satisfactory; illustrated lists free.—Dept. "J," THE CONSOLIDATED INDUSTRY, 9, Colebrook Row, Islington, London, N.1.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT LENGTHS, Overcoatings and Velours. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 22, Victoria Sq., Bradford.

LADIES write for free set patterns fancy leather, all cols. Sale price only 9d. sq. ft.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Bld. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

MUSIC composed to lyrics.—Piano scores to airs. Band-parts arranged. London's popular composer.—Eighy Arons, Offley Road, Brixton.

SINGING LESSONS by correspondence. No drudgery. Small fee. Splendid results guaranteed. Henry J. Lockyear, 123, Stapleton Hall Rd., N.4.

GARDENING.

SEED, Plant, Rose and Fruit Tree Catalogue now ready. 100,000 given away; send for yours. Apple Trees, 1/- each; Roses, 6d.; Peas, 6d. pkt.; Beans, 6d. pkt.—Letts & Son, Growers, 60, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

DOBBIE & CO., LTD., ROYAL SEEDSMEN, EDINBURGH, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free, if this paper is mentioned.

SEEDS, Pedigree Strains. Keenest Prices. Government germination guaranteed. Scotch Seed Potatoes, Edwards, Scots, 10/- cwt.; Shallots, 14-lb. 9s. 6d. 64-page Cat. free. Bulbs, Roses, Fruit Trees, Tools. Ellison's, W. Bromwich.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

EDUCATIONAL. INSTRUCTION.

A BIG CHANCE FOR YOU IN A NEW PROFESSION.—The coming trade revival demands men trained in the Science of Trade Management—men who *know* how to decrease costs and increase efficiency. No matter what you are or where you live, we can teach you thoroughly, easily and quickly, by post, and prepare you for a highly-paid post. Send today for interesting Brochure, gratis and post free.—NATIONAL TRAFFIC COLLEGE, (Dept. J.B.), ROYAL LIVER BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

IF YOU ARE not keen to make big money as a Commercial Traveller, don't answer this advertisement; if you are, we can help you.—Write for our free booklet, Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

KILL FEAR.—Master Emotional Weaknesses. Cultivate absolute self-mastery. Amazing results from simple practice, you can call to your aid in any emergency. Send now. Do not enclose stamps or fee.—D. Dumoret, Physio-psychologist Box 1222, 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

AUGMENTED EARNING POWER is assured by training under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE. Unique Postal Course of Spare-time Study all business subjects. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business"—132 pp., free.

SUBJECTS. — Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Preliminary Examination. Record Successes at Professional Examinations. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

SLOAN DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study. Illus. Handbook free.—Sloan-Duployan Hdqrs., Dept. 33, Ramsgate.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver, with Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. —Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 8, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Also Advanced and Engineering Courses.

HOW to secure a congenial Government, Municipal or Secretarial position in the shortest possible time. — Address, Principal, Sanitary Training College, 333, High Holborn, London.

MEDICAL. CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Artico" Worm Tablets are a Specialist's cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridyard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 34-36, High Street, Colne, Derbyshire.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself or your child. Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Ruston Road, London, S.W.6.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

OVERWORKED NERVES.—Instant vigour restored. If your energy is lowered, send for convincing trial of wonderful new remedy. Acts at once on jaded nerves, restores vitality, and strengthens system.—Packet 6d., stamps to Dumoret Laboratories (Box 3), 23, Foubert's Place, Regent Street, London, W.1.

☛ *"Small Ads. Worth Watching."*

Continued on page 25.

Be sure you read them.

SPECIAL OFFER.

A £5-5-0 PURE NEW WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £2-0-0

GEORGES CARPENTIER
Dressed by Barry.
(Photoby Personality Photo Press)

GUARANTEED MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES AND Cut, Tailored and Finished in the high grade style for which the Barry Service is so justly famous

THE MOST REMARKABLE VALUE EVER OFFERED BY ANY TAILORING FIRM IN THE WORLD

Seeing is believing. If after examining the excellent material, workmanship, and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid, **but 2/6 over and above that sum** to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

WHEREVER YOU MAY BE WE CAN FIT YOU PERFECTLY

Our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

FREE. The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart, are yours for the asking. Send us a postcard forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

100% Pure New Wool, Indigo Dyed, London Shrunk, BLUE SERGE SUIT (18 oz. weight) to measure for

£3-10-0

The most sensational value ever offered in blue serge.

FOR THE BEST TAILORING SERVICE IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST WONDERFUL VALUES YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

CALL OR WRITE.

S. A. BARRY & Co.
(J.B. DEPT.), 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

EXCLUSIVELY MEASURE TAILORS.

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: CLERKENWELL 4209.

The fascinating Nupines puzzle

NUPINES	PUT	THIS	WORD	FLAT	TO	THEM
EACH	ARE	GENUINE	CLEAN		SHILLINGS	
STAMPED	SIXPENCE	PACKED	TWO	IN	BOX	

Why not try your hand at winning a prize in this simple and attractive competition? It will pass a long winter evening pleasantly. All you have to do to win one of the following prizes is to re arrange given words into a paragraph about NUPINES.

ADULTS.

1st Prize	....	....	£50
2 Prizes, £25 each	....	....	£50
2 ,, £10 ,,	....	....	£20
10 ,, £5 ,,	....	....	£50
100 ,, £1 ,,	....	....	£100

CHILDREN (all ages up to 16 years):

1st Prize, Bicycle value £15	£15
2 Prizes, Bicycle value £10	£20
10 Folding Cameras, each value £3 10s.	£35
10 Fitted Work Baskets, each value £2 10s.	£25
100 Fountain Pens, each value 12/6	£62 10s.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

To the parent or guardian of the child winning the first prize, £5
To the school teacher of the child winning the first prize, £5
To the Chemist supplying the packet of Nupines purchased by either the Child or the adult winning the 1st prize, £5.

Get a 6d. packet of NUPINES and ask for a competition leaflet, at your chemist's. It contains full details of how you can win a prize.

KEEP YOUR NUPINES CARTON.

£500 to be won

NUPINES are a Pine Tablet of super excellence. They contain Pine Oil, Cinnamon, Capsicum, Menthol and Liquorice, and possess a very pleasant flavour. Air-tight wrapped, they come to you as clean and fresh as the day they were made. One slipped into your mouth occasionally will warm the chest, throat and lungs. Try some to-day; they are splendid to suck whilst at work if smoking is not allowed.

NUPINES REGD

THE WORLD'S PINE TABLET

6D

Ask your Chemist *now*. Should he not stock, send his name and address, together with 6d. in stamps to J. B. Cartwright, Ltd., Rawdon, near Leeds. We will then send a full size 6d. box of Nupines, together with a free Nupines puzzle, post free. You may make as many attempts as you please.

From all Chemists.

WILLS'S

"GOLD FLAKE"

CIGARETTES

10 for 6d
20 for 1/-

Trade Mark

MADE FROM THE FINEST VIRGINIA LEAF

W.36

CLARNICO

EVERYWHERE YOU GO——
On the 'Bus.

Riding on top—watching the passers-by and the shops—is made all the more enjoyable by CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS.

And if you have to ride inside you won't mind getting "fed up" with LILY BRAZILS.

Any busman will tell you that CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are "real good fare"—in fact a "fair treat"!

Before you get on a 'bus to-day call at the confectioner's for LILY BRAZILS, and have their delightful company all the way.

8d. per. ¼ lb.
At all Confectioners

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

THE NEW CONFECTION

Made by CLARKE, NICHOLLS & COOMBS, LTD.
Established 50 years.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

Vol. XXXIII. No. 869.
Week ending Saturday,
Jan. 27, 1923. Twopence

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C. 2
Telephone: Gerrard 9266
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Still Together.
Watch Lloyd George and Chamberlain. The partnership has *not* been dissolved.

A Grave Danger.
The Germans now regard the British troops on the Rhine as champions against the French! To such a pass has Allied dissension brought us!

New Rent Act.
Current report has it that the Rent Act is to be mended, extended, or a new Act substituted. Whichever it be the Act should be so worded that even M.P.s can understand it.

Letting Out the Cat.
When Winston Churchill went to Cairo to discuss economy with the officials his "incidental" expenses were £4,340 for five weeks. A truly Gilbertian lesson in economy.

Orders—Not Requests.
The Spending Departments in Whitehall are resisting the Treasury demands for economy. Nevertheless *this* time every limpet must go, and the hordes of officials must be reduced.

Why Not Third?
Civil Service officers' travelling expenses are under review by the Treasury economists. If we are managing without "first-class brains" we can dispense with first-class fares for Whitehall inspectors.

Lucky Sam.
We wonder if it has occurred to Uncle Sam how fortunate he is that Britain and not Germany is his debtor. Herr Stinnes would give him more to worry about than the rate of interest.

The Stinnes Trick.
The Stinnes tribe, allowed by its Government to defer payment of coal-tax, has made a huge profit by the fall of the mark. Now they pay by selling foreign currency for cheap marks. Incidentally, they are fattening on Germany's ruin.

The Answer.
The German Government should go back on this deal and impound the Stinnes fortunes at home and abroad. The fall of the mark has wiped out the small German who had saved for his old age. It is a big price to pay for making the wealthy Stinnes still wealthier.

Try Again.
The farmers say "Drink more milk" and the brewers say "Drink more beer." *We* say reduce the price of both and then ask us again.

Wake Up!
It is possible to trade with Russia without shaking hands with Bolshevism. And if Britain won't, Germany and America will skim the cream.

Rather Expensive.
A white-tailed sea eagle from Mesopotamia has been presented to the Zoo by Sir Percy Cox. And it has cost the British taxpayer more millions than there are feathers in its tail!

Not Even an *Alibi*.
His Majesty's Stationery Office is supplying Government offices with pencils made in Germany for the sake of "economy"—which is no excuse at all.

The Truth Please!
The serious charge that bribery is being practised in Mesopotamia to induce the inhabitants to petition for the continuance of British rule calls for instant official comment.

Sound Common Sense.
Dean Inge hit the nail on the head by saying that if birth control information was good for the rich it was equally good for the poor. That's the whole case in a nutshell.

Impudence.
An "enterprising" Yankee business man approached a Labour M.P. with the offer of £250 a year if he would mention a certain article at least once a month in his speeches. What the M.P. said is unprintable.

A Wise Resolve.
The proposal of the Board of Education that all teachers should in future pass through college is admirable. The training of future citizens demands the best equipped brains obtainable.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of JOHN BULL which are given hereunder are the largest of any two-penny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated Dec.	*16th, 1922*	*552,144*
,, ,,	*23rd* ,,	*564 901*
,, ,,	*30th* ,,	*579,838*
,, *Jan.*	*6th, 1923*	*587,990*
,, ,,	*13th* ,,	*594,344*

Certified by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., and MARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Chartered Accountants.

Silly Tomfoolery.
We have had an inquiry into the price of coal—and coal is not to be any cheaper! Why bother to waste time and money on "inquiries"?

Pious Resolutions.
The League of Nations has decided on the measures necessary to control the opium traffic. Now we're anxious to learn how it proposes to enforce them.

Gratitude!
British trade in Palestine stands still while German imports increase by leaps and bounds. And the British taxpayer provided the Jews with a "National Home"!

The Chloroform Evil.
Anybody, without training or experience, can administer chloroform without legal let or hindrance. Of what use is the Legislative Assembly at Westminster?

Precept and Practice.
A deficit of £700,000 in the funds of the International Communist Organisation has just come to light. Somebody has been practising what Communists preach!

Russian Humorists.
Humour is not an outstanding trait of the Bolshevists, but their claim that Persia has a greater right to be represented at Lausanne than Japan is certainly a first-class joke.

More Distress.
The National Diamond-cutting Factory for Disabled Soldiers is closed, and the British diamond industry is dead. No time for heroes in this country.

Quite Right, Too!
The Egyptian Government were quite right to forbid any one paper to have a monopoly of news regarding the Luxor discoveries. History is the common property of mankind.

Charity Begins at Home.
Russia, we are told, is in the grip of a famine. Yet the Bolshevist Government is exporting grain to get money for propaganda. We repeat our advice: Ignore Russian famine appeals.

Black Diamonds.
It is comfort of sorts to learn, on the authority of the coal-owners' association, that they are "not making illicit profits." Only the railway companies and factors smile in our faces while they search our pockets.

Pulpit or Desk?
Anglicans and Nonconformists have been wrangling again over the vexed question of religious teaching in schools. The only sensible course is to exclude it altogether. The proper place is either the Church or the home.

Plucky Little Margaret.

When a fire broke out in her home at Ayr, little Margaret Haymarch, aged 10, snatched up her baby sister and carried her to safety while the flames were actually licking her cot. She likewise made a plucky attempt to rescue another sister, aged 2½, who died from shock. Ayr ought to be proud to boast of such a little heroine.

On, Stanley, On!

Stanley Farmer (15), an orphan, tramped in search of work from Liverpool to London, where he was rescued by the police from men who wanted to teach him how to pick pockets. He then tramped to Peterborough, where he was found sleeping by the roadside, and is now in the workhouse. A plucky boy, and better luck to him!

Child Wives and Mothers.

Near Oswestry, a girl was married to an elderly man, and when she was only sixteen years of age, she was the mother of a ten months' old baby. In another case, it was stated that the wife of Ralph Thomas Langdon, an Edinburgh musician, was only fifteen years of age when she became a wife. Both marriages have proved unhappy, but nothing else can be expected. Who solemnised them?

Kill These Killjoys.

Charitable folk in Reading organised a concert for the aged inmates of the workhouse infirmary, and the evening's amenities included beer and tobacco. Some cranks on the Board of Guardians did their best to get the offer of beer and tobacco turned down, but fortunately kindness and sanity held the balance of power on the Board, and the offer was accepted. Oh, when will the killjoys die of misery!

The Man Who Wanted Gaol.

Having neither work nor dole, and being destitute, John Butler, an ex-soldier, pretended he had stolen a bicycle at Kingston, in order to secure the warmth, food, and shelter of prison. Even this dodge failed, for the police discovered that no bicycle had been stolen. However, in discharging Butler, the Kingston Magistrates gave him 5s. from the poor box. But what a commentary on the way we look after our heroes!

Pitiful!

Wearing his medals, John Beer stepped into the Police Court dock at Port Talbot to answer a charge of neglecting his three children. The N.S.P.C.C. Inspector, who had found the father and the three boys sleeping together in one filthy bed, said he felt sorry for the man, whose wife ran away three years ago. He was in bad health and had struggled hard to support them. What was the poor fellow to do? To their credit the Magistrates imposed only a nominal penalty and arranged for the youngsters to be sent to a home for ex-Service-men's children.

Too Old at Forty.

Mr. B. C. Sheffield, an ex-marine, on his retirement from the Service, took a job on the Liverpool and Mersey Dock Board Dredger "Coronation" last year. He was then 39 years and nine months of age. Thrown out of work by a strike, he again applied for work when the strike was over. He was told he was too old; he had passed the forty years' limit. He would still be young enough to fight for his King and Country if called for—but too old to be re-engaged for a job he was fit for last year. It is a scandal. We ask the authorities to give this man justice.

The Mother Who Lives.

The tears of Kate Godden, Grimsby, are worthless. She left her two kiddies in a field and ran away to Louth. A constable found them next day and took them "home," where he discovered the baby alone. It had been unattended for two days. Kate Godden wept in the dock, but the Bench sent her to prison for one month—a punishment she deserved.

The Mother Who Died.

A mother of a different kind was Mrs. Sarah Smith, Hull, one of England's heroines. When crushed against a wall by a motor-car, this brave woman's only thought was for the safety of her baby, which she held above her head, clear of danger. She died, but her babe escaped scatheless. *This* is love!

Mercy where No Mercy is Due.

Frederick Ritchie, of Fitzwarren Street, Pendleton, is a mean swindler, and the Magistrates at Radcliffe were too soft-hearted when they gave him a chance of escaping imprisonment and skilly fare by paying £20. He represented that he was acting for the Government, who were issuing memorial tablets to families bereaved in the war on payment of £3. The Magistrates who fined him were more merciful than they ought to have been.

What We Think.

A reader sends us a cutting of an advertisement of unfurnished rooms at 1, Longbeach Road, Lavender Hill. The advertisement stipulates for no children or pets, and our reader wants to know what we think of it. We think the people who refuse to give children a roof over their heads ought to be forbidden by law to make such a restriction, which is against all decency, as well as against public policy.

Oh, Justice, Have Mercy!

What does the law propose to do with William Heaton, aged 62, of Bolton, when he comes out of gaol in six months' time. When a man is sent to penal servitude for five years for stealing 3s., no one need be surprised if he becomes an enemy of society. Not only this, but William got another five years for stealing a basin and 4s., and six months for stealing 4d. Where is the chance to reform—where is the mercy for sinners?

Post Office "Economy!"

After working for forty-three years as an auxiliary postman, Mr. Clark, of Derby Road, East Sheen, received notice to finish on December 31. He naturally expected to receive the gratuity of about £20 which has been granted to this class of public servant on retirement, but he has been informed that he will not get it as, having passed the allotted span of three score years and ten, he is entitled to an Old Age Pension! Could miserable meanness go further?

The Welsh Conscience.

Although the local Labour Party are in the majority on the Port Talbot Borough Council, they show scant consideration for the claims of ex-Service men. There were over sixty applicants for the post of caretaker of the Trefelin Schools, more than half of whom had done their bit, but their claims were passed over in favour of a man who, though he was of military age during the war, saw no service and proclaimed himself a conscientious objector! Why is this thus?

Fatal Anæsthetics.

The fact that three persons have recently died following operations under anæsthetics at Rochdale Infirmary suggests stringent inquiry. Accidents will happen, as we know; but it disturbs the mind to have too many in the same place.

Inexplicable Lenience.

Why should lenience be shown to the beasts who vent their foul lust on young children? Alexander MacKenzie, 6, Brunswick Road, Edinburgh, was sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment for having acted in an improper manner towards a thirteen-year-old girl. He deserved a much worse fate.

A Candid Friend.

Mr. Geo. Helps, manager of the Nuneaton Gas Co., says that one reason for heavy gas bills is that "companies hire out cookers which ought to be on the scrap heap." Said companies will now be inclined to exclaim with Canning, "Of all the plagues kind heaven in wrath can send, save, save, oh save us from the candid friend."

A Man we Want to Flog.

John Raynor, of Liverpool, is a sorry specimen of a father. To leave his two little boys—aged nine and two—alone for five days with only a shilling for food, is inhuman. Raynor appreciated the type of man he is when he confessed to the Magistrate, who sent him to gaol, that he deserved to be flogged. It would be a pleasure to us to handle the whip in Raynor's case.

Justice in Our Land.

For brutal cruelty to a pony whose body was a mass of weals and whose mouth and nose were bleeding, William Colk was sentenced to 14 days' hard labour at Norwich. An unemployed man, Duncan McCardy, for poaching a rabbit for food was sentenced at Glasgow to a fine of £5 or 60 days' imprisonment. Mercy for the unmerciful, but not for the poacher.

Life and Death in Lancashire.

A shocking state of affairs appears to exist at Leigh, Lancs. Mr. and Mrs. Brynn have for weeks been living in the upper part of their house in Plank Lane owing to the lower portion being rendered uninhabitable by floods. Four of their children have died from pneumonia and a fifth is ill. Many neighbours are in a similar plight. What are the Local Authorities doing about it?

Roping Them In.

Our exposure of mean swindlers continues to bear fruit. Charles Tedder, whose device for obtaining money by advertising under the name of "J. Waterlow," Bishopsgate, London, E.C., for envelope addressers and extracting 10s. or £1 security from applicants, is now paying the penalty. At the Guildhall he was sentenced to nine months' hard labour. Small consolation to his dupes, perhaps, but a deterrent, we hope, to his imitators.

Toil for a Tale Teller.

It is well for the public that Thomas Victor Stanton, an ex-soldier, is now under lock and key. For some time he has been "doing" South-West London as a dumb man, a military medallist with a dying wife and sick children, unable to get work because his tools were in pawn. When a kind-hearted gentleman took him in a motor-car to redeem his tools, he recovered his speech, jumped out of the car, and vanished. He has now got work—hard labour for nine months, and he deserves it.

The War Office and the Pigs.

The War Office has leased the village Common at Normandy, near Guildford, to a private individual for a pig farm. Beautiful trees are being felled, and the villagers are indignant. The W.O. should explain the hoggish enterprise.

Who is to Blame?

It is not surprising that Albert Green, of Peckham, took the law into his own hands, with respect to the beast Butler who had behaved so abominably to Green's little daughter. But what is surprising is the action of the police in commencing the proceedings for assault, since abandoned. They knew the facts from the start.

A Deal in Crooks.

Why does the Government oppose the plan of the French authorities for the expulsion from France of all crooks of British nationality? Some of them are wanted over here for different crimes, and, in any case, France is willing to reciprocate by receiving all undesirable French subjects from this side. We fancy we should benefit most.

Any Complaints?

Is a ten minutes service enough for a soldier's breakfast? Is a ten minutes service enough for dinner? These are the hours and the time-table of the Coast Battery R.G.A., Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth. One day recently breakfast arrived fourteen minutes late and was taken away eight minutes after. Fifty men were deprived of this meal. Next day forty-five men went without breakfast. Why don't messing officers see that their men are fed? And why don't they see that the full rations reach the men?

Black Impudence

Miss C. Rennie, of 125, New Barn Street, Beckton Road, Plaistow, recently had her name and address published in a newspaper competition. She has now received a letter from a black man named Joseph T. Simons, c.o. Lawrence Affann, Government Printing Works, Accra, asking her to correspond with him. She thinks other girls may have received similar letters and wishes to warn them. Miss Rennie has acted very properly and her warning is timely.

Bread by Weight.

Morgan Isaac, grocer, of Aberdare, was fined £20 or two months for selling loaves that were not an even number of pounds weight. Some were over; some were under weight. Experts say it is impossible to get exactitude in this matter. At Ystrad, for a similar offence, Mason and Jenkins, bakers, were fined 10s., the Stipendiary agreeing that it was impossible to carry out the Act. Why was Isaac so heavily punished? Is it because he undersells his competitors? The Aberdare Magistrates should be called on for an answer.

One for Aberdeen.

"Stands Scotland where it did?" It seems to have taken a step forward. Since we pointed out that last year the Germans landed £132,641 worth of fish at Aberdeen, the local trawler-owners, crews and salesmen have put their heads together and agreed unanimously not to handle or sell any German-caught North Sea fish. Consequently the skippers of the Hun trawlers have sailed away to the Fatherland as fast as they could to sell their fish there before it stinks too much even for their compatriots. Good!

Laerman Can't Get Out.

Since the facts about him were published in JOHN BULL, the notorious "Dr." Laerman has discovered that his native Belgium has charms. But why is his departure from this country being held up by the bureaucrats?

Poison in Pipes.

At an inquest held at Stepney on Barnard Rabbinovitch, who committed suicide by inhaling gas, a doctor stated that with pure gas suicide would be nearly impossible, but with the gas now being supplied by the gas companies it was rendered quite easy. The sooner a Pure Gas Bill is introduced and becomes law, the fewer these terrible tragedies will become.

Courage of Convictions.

Even his worst enemy could not call Mr. Barnet Kenyon, M.P., for Chesterfield, a coward. Because he will not knuckle down to the extremist elements in the Derbyshire coal industry, the Miners' Council have stopped his salary as miners' agent, and left him only his house, coal, and gas. He will rather starve, he says, than sacrifice his principles. That is the spirit we admire. A man like that won't starve.

WORRY

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ASKED to contribute a confession to a friend's autograph album, Mark Twain wrote: "I have known many sorrows, most of which never happened."

Worries are sorrows which don't happen.

No one can escape sorrow, but everyone can escape worry.

Worry is needless mental pain due chiefly to letting imagination take charge of reason and play with spectres.

When Ibsen said "Life is a battle with the phantoms of the mind," he spoke out of deep knowledge of human nature.

If we could eliminate from the mind our dread of shadows, we should strike at the root of most of our unhappiness.

The worrying habit is responsible for more tragedies than any other factor of our common experience.

A mother destroys herself and her child because she fears she can no longer earn bread for both. A father does the same because he cannot obtain employment. A comparatively wealthy merchant has been known to prefer death to the struggle to bolster up a falling business.

In every such instance of desperation it is not the actual misery that is the cause of the suicide, but the prospect of worse.

It is not to-day's evil that we worry about, but to-morrow's. Nor is it the evil itself that disturbs us so much as our apprehension of the further evil it may produce.

A friend many years older than myself taught me a valuable lesson about this when I was a young man. "Wait till you are fifty years of age," he said, "and you will find that the things you worry about seldom happen, or, if they do, they turn out differently from what you anticipated; the real troubles of life are almost never the things we worry about."

That this statement is unassailably true anyone can prove for himself.

Form the habit of waiting before worrying, and you will find that the thing you might have worried over does not arrive.

A Coward and His Mother.

We have nothing but contempt for Malcolm McLellan, who, at the Glasgow Southern Police Court, received the light sentence of thirty days for having assaulted his aged mother in her house at 133, Hospital Street, Glasgow. Apart from numerous previous convictions against him, he should have been made to realise more definitely the cowardliness of his crime.

Not Even a Coffin!

A pensioner ex-Service man died in the Workhouse at Barnet. Friends who came to attend the funeral found that no coffin had been provided. It was explained that this was due to an oversight on the part of the Ministry of Pensions, as a rule had been issued that in such cases a coffin would be provided. The rule should be applied across the knuckles of the delinquent official.

Folkestone's Callous Council.

Notwithstanding the fact that over 1,000 inhabitants petitioned the Folkestone Town Council to enforce a by-law in favour of a more humane method of slaughtering animals, the Council declined to receive, let alone consider, the petition. It is an ill-considered action, showing that Folkestone Councillors are vastly in need of enlightenment on the horrors of the slaughterhouse.

What a Park Pest Deserves.

Richard Statham (aged 66), of Mossfield Place, Pendleton, is a degenerate, and he deserves something more than the three months he is now serving. Pests of his type make public parks unsafe for little girls, and the harm they do cannot be estimated. Statham ought to have been given a sterner lesson as a warning to others. If he is not a better man when he is liberated, we hope he will get it.

Blundering Police Again!

There must be an end to the amazing police blunders which threaten the good character of every respectable man or woman using the public streets. Detective-Sergeant Case, of the Liverpool police, blundered when he charged with being a suspected person a man who is of unimpeachable integrity. The Stipendiary said a mistake had been made. The thing was an outrage. We hope Case has made ample amends to the man he might, by his blundering, have ruined.

"Good-bye, Ole Pal!"

Our verse-maker's description of the distress of poverty-stricken dog lovers who were unable to pay the tax on their pets excited the sympathy of several compassionate readers, one of whom generously offers to defray the cost of ten licences. In expressing gratitude for this kindly thought, we may say that we have relieved many cases already, and would suggest that any contributions should be given to our "Greatest of These——" Fund.

Fleby Fisher & Co.

In consequence of numerous enquiries regarding "W. Fisher & Co.," who style themselves "The Firm You All Know," and send out football coupons from 49, Old Compton Street, London, W., it should be stated that they have no connection whatever with Messrs. White, Fisher & Co., the well-known and reputable firm whose advertisement appears on another page. Although "W. Fisher & Co." offer to pay £1,000 to anyone proving they are not straightforward, the fact that the address in Old Compton Street is only an accommodation one is decidedly fishy.

THE REAL MALTBY SCANDAL

Incredible Evidence of Police Apathy

Months before the discovery of the gruesome tragedy in Maltby's House, the police were urged repeatedly by the frantic husband of Mrs. Middleton to make inquiries. They did nothing. Why?

THE real scandal of the Maltby case, that sordid and shocking crime which has scarcely any parallel in criminal records, has, for some mysterious reason, not been dealt with by the daily press.

It is a scarcely credible story of police inadequacy—to use no stronger word.

Why the police did not raid the premises of this criminal lunatic tailor long before they did is a thing that baffles comprehension.

It certainly is not because they had not ample information. The husband of the murdered woman made every effort to find and save her, and appealed repeatedly to the police for help.

Why did they do nothing?

So long ago as September 23rd, finding that his wife was no longer drawing the allowance he made her—the handsome allowance, for a man in his position, of £18 per month, and that she had given her address as 24, Park Road, Regent's Park, Maltby's house, he went there to seek her.

Unable to gain admittance, he made enquiries, and from what he learned of Maltby, at once reported to the police at Marylebone Lane Station that he suspected foul play. They did nothing.

On October 9th, he went again to Marylebone Lane. At this time at the house occupied by Maltby, water, gas and electric light were cut off. The police could have forced an entry on sanitary grounds. They did nothing, again.

The distracted husband went to Scotland Yard. Where else should he go?

Scotland Yard did exactly what Marylebone Lane did—nothing. It added to the unhappy man's distress by referring him back to Marylebone Lane.

Finally this poor husband, driven nearly distracted, and compelled to return to sea, wrote a long letter to Scotland Yard, rehearsing all the evidence, and telling of his repeated efforts to solve the mystery of his wife's disappearance and Maltby's barricaded house.

Consider for a moment the case he put before them. He told them that he had learned that his wife had been cohabiting with Maltby, that this man's drunken and dissolute habits were well known to the police, and that he was known to be armed.

He told them that on August 15th, the last time his wife was heard of, the neighbours heard her calling for help during the night.

Here was a violent, drunken, armed man, starving, with food, water and light cut off, living with a woman who had money waiting for her. She ceased to draw it.

Mr. Middleton reminded the police that for some time the house had been barricaded, that the door-knocker and bell had been removed. He told them that for months past Maltby had baffled the police in their half-hearted attempts to interview him.

The police could have acted, had they been really in earnest. They took no steps. From the end of September till the beginning of January they took no effective steps. Had they done so, they might have taken Maltby alive, even if they could not have saved his victim.

But what are we to think of Scotland Yard—leaving this highly necessary investigation untouched for months? Maltby might have found other victims during the long and shameful delay. Scotland Yard, at least, did nothing to prevent him.

The delay and inefficiency of the police in this matter is a public scandal. It is a clear case for enquiry.

The public must be protected. If Scotland Yard can do nothing, it must be reorganised from head to foot.

THE MISERY-MAKING MINISTRY

Shameful Treatment of a War Widow

Muddle and meanness have for long marked the path of the Pensions Ministry, but this case which we lay bare is so blatant an example of incompetence that only complete reparation will suffice.

NOT a week passes without bringing us its tale of misery due to the muddle and meanness which have so long characterised the methods of the Ministry of Pensions.

The latest shocking example of the indifference to suffering shown by the Department over which Major Tryon presides is seen in the pathetic plight of Mrs. Gertrude Burdon, of 188, South Street, Ponders End, the widow of J. A. Burdon, who died in April last as a result of his war service overseas, leaving her with five young children to the care of the country for which he gave his life.

When war broke out, Burdon was a strong, healthy man of thirty-two. He had previously served in the Territorial Army, and enlisted in the Army Ordnance Corps on August 11th, 1914. He was classed A1, and sent to France almost immediately.

At a period when the presence of every available man in the firing-line was a matter of extreme urgency his earlier training as a Territorial proved valuable, and he was sent to the trenches.

Subsequently he was transferred to the Rifle Brigade, and remained with that splendid combatant unit until he was incapacitated. He was invalided out of the Service in the early part of 1917, after over two years' strenuous fighting, and returned to his home completely broken in health.

His condition was a matter of grave concern to the doctors, who certified his disability as being solely attributable to his military service overseas, and he was promised a pension.

A few weeks after being invalided, he was astonished to receive a calling-up paper ordering him to rejoin his original unit—the Army Ordnance Corps. A physical wreck, he journeyed painfully to Woolwich, where he was at once sent to hospital, and was finally discharged as unfit for further service on July 5th, 1917.

From that date, he spent considerable time in various hospitals, and underwent three operations. The medical report stating his condition to be solely attributable to his military service overseas was accepted by the Ministry of Pensions and he was awarded £3 15s. a week in respect of himself, his wife and four children, his fifth and youngest child not coming within the scope of the regulations.

He died in April, 1922, after intense suffering, which the Authorities admit was due to his services to his country, and his widow was allowed to draw a pension of £2 16s. 4d. a week—until July, 1922.

Then, without warning, this sum was suddenly reduced to 11s. a week, and towards the end of the year, even this miserable pittance was further reduced to 8s. a week! In the first week of the New Year, the Pensions Officer as mysteriously allowed her to draw 11s. a week again! He agreed, however, to pay her for the weeks during which she had drawn only 8s.

What is the meaning of this mysterious muddle and meanness on the part of the officials?

Imagine the plight of this sorrow-stricken woman whose husband sacrificed his life on the altar of patriotic duty, endeavouring to provide for herself and five young children—all of whom are at school—on a miserable pittance of 8s. or 11s. a week.

The family are practically starving. The children need nourishing food and warm clothes. It should be their heritage to grow up as proud descendants of an A1 father, but they are in danger of degenerating into puny specimens of C3 humanity.

Is this all that Major Tryon has to show for the promises he made when he was seeking election at Brighton?

CALLOUS DEEMSTER CALLOW

Manx Inhumanity to Man—and Wife

THOSE mysterious denizens of the Isle of Man known as Deemsters seem to live very much aloof from the rest of the world.

Otherwise it is inconceivable that the biting phrase of Robert Burns, "Man's inhumanity to man," should have failed to force itself into the consciousness of Deemster Callow in connection with his recent committal to prison of Mr. and Mrs. Teare, of Douglas, for no other reason than that they were unable to find a house to live in.

For the last fifteen years the Teares have been joint tenants of the house they occupied.

During last year the house was purchased by a Mrs. Glass. She sued for possession of the house she had bought, and Deemster Callow granted an order in her favour. On the Teares' application the Douglas Corporation brought a suit against the owner of an empty house in order that they might obtain possession. This case also came before Deemster Callow, but for some inexplicable reason he has delayed giving judgment, and the house still remains empty.

Slow to action in one respect, he was, however, over-swift in another, for he has committed Mr. and Mrs. Teare to prison for contempt of Court in not yielding up possession of the house which they occupied!

It is not surprising that Deemster Callow's callous treatment of this worthy couple has aroused indignation which has spread beyond the confines of the three-legged island.

SWEEPSTAKE SWINDLES

Making the Calcutta Pool Crook-Proof

THE scandals and frauds that have occurred in connection with the famous Derby Sweep of the Calcutta Turf Club have compelled that body to take steps to put an end to them.

The Calcutta Turf Club was in no way responsible for these scandals. It is, however, well known that people joined the Club to obtain, for the purpose of sale to others, tickets in this famous draw, with its almost fabulous rich prizes.

The Club did not officially recognise these transfers. That did not prevent the public from buying. Further, the crooks who get bogus tickets printed came in and made a rich haul.

Now this is to be stopped. No more tickets are to be issued. Henceforth members will be allotted numbers instead of tickets.

Recently, since Ireland became a Free State, with its own laws, a series of sweepstakes has been organised in that country.

The success of one genuine sweep led to many imitations, and now the Free State Government has been compelled to intervene and prohibit similar ventures—with three exceptions, where apparently preparations were too far advanced.

In the circumstances, we give the same advice about the Irish as about the Calcutta Sweep. If you are tempted to invest your money, remember *Punch's* famous advice to those about to marry—*Don't.*

Haunts of Degenerate Peers

A Chance for the Police to Clean Them Up

In the West End, in spite of our frequent exposures, and occasional police prosecutions, gambling parties of the most vicious and crooked character are being held nightly. We have the details in our possession and hold them at the disposal of the authorities, who ought to act at once.

IN a recent issue we threw a little light on the ways and activities of certain notorious gambling crooks who infest the West End.

The exposure has caused a flutter in the circles in which the crooks and sharps move. But as the people who live by their wits are usually quicker-witted than the police, no adequate steps have been taken by the authorities, and in spite of our revelations, the rascals are at their dirty games again, swindling anybody they can with apparently equal ease and impunity. Especially do they devote their attention to the fleecing of exotic roués, whose claim to nobility lies only in their titles.

But the vigilance of the police has been much more alert since we drew their attention to this great evil.

We mentioned in particular the activities of Edgar Bredin and his notorious wife Betty, the woman who was bound over at Marlborough Street for soliciting. This precious pair are still following their questionable activities.

It is not a case of ignorance on the part of the police. They know a good deal about Bredin. They know that he lives by his wits. They know that at the time of his wife's arrest for soliciting he was staying at a hotel in Orchard Street, W., and that he had duped the proprietor for over £30.

Further, as a member of the International Sporting Club he used this membership to pass cheques that were not met. A firm of West End solicitors is at present engaged trying to get money from him for the benefit of his disgusted creditors.

Another flat where gambling has been carried on recently on a large scale is situated over a shop in Edgware Road, run by a man who is known amongst his friends as a Turf Accountant.

This man, who makes a book in the flat-racing season, spends the winter at the not less profitable game of flat-catching. During the last few days he has moved his quarters to a flat in the Regent's Park district, and runs a roulette game every afternoon till midnight—with an interval for dinner.

A shilling in every pound staked goes to the house—*i.e.*, to the man putting up the game—and this percentage runs into a big sum of money.

Several croupiers are employed, and one of them, who was dismissed the other day, earned a salary of £1 a day and commission—usually amounting in all to £10 a week. This man was recently bound over, for "frequenting," at the prosecution of Edward Gooding, of St. Martin's Lane. It is not much use binding over men like this.

Another well-known gamester—a man of Greek extraction—was bound over on the same occasion. He has been a recent frequenter of this gambling den, and the other night won a hundred pounds there at a sitting. Gooding, by the way, who was fined £100 and given time to pay, could not find the money, and is now in gaol.

Why do not the police watch the people who were "bound over" at the Gooding prosecution? One night last week three of them were gaming at the Edgware Road den.

But the biggest scandal in the West End is the swagger gambling hell in Bloomsbury Square. This place is run by the supposed relative of a duke, and rich men and women frequent it whenever gambling is in progress.

The stakes are very high—huge sums of money being often lost or won in a night. There is a trail of social wreckage in the background—degenerate peers seeking any form of excitement—and younger sons—and daughters—who have been ruined by the sharps.

A notorious Italian, well-known to the police, has half a dozen flats where he gives gambling parties, and his clients follow him from place to place. Special cards are issued, which give admission to properly vouched for gamblers and carefully shepherded victims.

We have some of these cards in our possession.

We think that, for the sake of the innocent and unwary, these crooks should be rounded up.

We hold enough information to effect this, and we will place it at the disposal of the police if they want it.

Already our exposures have had some effect. Several rogues have been arrested and sentenced through the exposures in JOHN BULL.

Why not round up the lot?

The crooks boast that Scotland Yard will not interfere. Why?

THE FUNNY FATHERS OF HULL

How They Have Made Themselves a Laughing Stock

THIS is a little story of a very dignified and important body—the Hull City Council.

It is a grave and reverend collection of dignitaries. Individually we are sure that they are much as other men. Collectively they are—the Hull City Council, and a source of perpetual wonder to the good people who have the privilege of making Hull their abiding city, who dwell by the confluence of the Hull and the Humber.

Hull possesses, amongst its other monuments, a statue of the late Queen Victoria. Opinions differ as to whether this is a really artistic memorial or whether it really looks, as one acidulous critic says, like a petrified bundle of old clothes.

That, however, is not the point. It is no part of the City Council's duty to embark in the perilous sea of artistic criticism.

The Queen Victoria statue is the subject of universal discussion in Hull, but for quite other reasons.

Recently this statue, by order of the City Council, was taken down and a fresh site was sought to re-erect it.

The removal of landmarks is against proverbial wisdom. That did not deter the Hull City Council.

However, the statue was taken down and a new site chosen.

Now the statue is to be re-erected—over a public lavatory.

If the Hull City Council do not see anything objectionable in this—well, it is not easy to explain the matter to them.

Have they ever read Shakespeare? Do they remember Hamlet's couplet:

> "Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Generations have regarded this as the standing example of the degradation of the noble and dignified.

Have the people who propose to use the statue of Queen Victoria to crown a public lavatory the same sense of delicacy and proportion that other people have? Or are they ruined by self-importance and the pomp of place and power?

If these good people were deliberately insulting the memory of Queen Victoria we could understand their position, and their constituents would hurl them from office.

But they do not mean to be rude. They do not realise that they are stupid. They have not realised the difference between the sense of self-importance and the sense of proportion.

We do not honour our departed great in this country by placing their statues over public lavatories.

Cannot the Hull City Fathers understand?

A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE

Pretty Promises which Went Up in Smoke

CIGARETTES generally end in smoke. So, we believe, do the promises of L. W. Appleton, who calls himself a cigarette manufacturer and who trades from 21, The Oracle, Reading.

Appleton specialises in inveigling unsuspecting out-of-works to buy from him a cigarette-making machine, which he says will be the means of providing them with a livelihood. The livelihood never materialises.

He is one of a brood of advertisers against whom we are repeatedly warning our readers.

Attracted by his advertisements, one of our informants wrote for particulars and received a reply in the form of a circular headed, "Cigarette Making."

In this missive Appleton commences:

"I have been experimenting for a considerable time with this idea, and have now found an efficient machine, and also drawn up a plan whereby this fascinating and very profitable occupation may be carried out by Home Workers, with benefit both to the Home Worker and to myself.

"I am requiring about 40 Agents throughout the country to take up this scheme making Cigarettes for me and to sell themselves." (The grammar is Appleton's, not ours.)

So far so good, but, as we suspected, now comes the request for money.

"I lend out the output for making Cigarettes to Agents on a weekly rental of 5s. per week for the first three weeks, and 2s. 6d. per month after, and I require 2 weeks' payment, *i.e.*, 10s., and a deposit of 10s. with order."

This is done, Mr. Appleton informs the applicant, "to ensure my having only the most desirable Agents registered—*there are certain to be many persons apply, wanting something for nothing otherwise.*" This peculiar conglomeration of words is evidently intended to impress and flatter the applicant.

Our correspondent sent his 10s., and received by return the remarkable money-making invention.

"It was nothing more than a toy worth about 2s. 6d.," he told us, "and I was so disgusted that I returned the whole outfit with a request that my deposit be refunded.

"My letter was ignored and I informed the police. A detective was sent to see Mr. Appleton, who showed him the counterfoil of a P.O. made out in my name, but which I have not yet received."

This speaks for itself. Let readers take warning and think well before parting with any money to Mr. L. W. Appleton, Cigarette Manufacturer, Reading.

GERMANY'S TRIPLE TRICKSTER

Efforts to Play Allies Off Against Each Other

Hugo Stinnes, the uncrowned King of Germany, is undoubtedly the most dangerous man the Allies have to reckon with in their dealings with Germany. The deadly nature of his activities is clearly shown here.

WHATEVER may be the ways of the Heathen Chinee, they are models of straightness compared with those of Hugo Stinnes, the uncrowned King of the Ruhr, and Germany's industrial Emperor.

Whoever may have doubts about the future of Germany, "King" Hugo has none. All his plans are being developed towards the one end of making Germany supreme in the world, but where the Hohenzollerns worked with carnal weapons Hugo is content to work with the much more powerful weapon of economic force.

To wield that weapon effectively he realises the need for allies, and he has done all in his power to obtain them.

First of all he approached the United States through Mr. Frank Vanderlip and other prominent financiers from the other side of the Atlantic who visited Germany. But in spite of all he could do his offers were turned down.

His next move was towards an understanding with British financiers, and here he held out the dual inducement of the right to exploit the rich mineral resources of Germany and the possibility of successful trade-war on the rest of the world, including the United States.

The British financial magnates whom Hugo saw were not told of the previous offers to America, and for a time they were disposed to lend ear to the blandishments of the subtle Stinnes. In due course, however, the proposals were again turned down, and it seemed for the moment that Hugo's efforts to find an ally for his country in the new form of warfare had failed.

But it was only seeming. Little things of that kind do not dismay men like Stinnes. Fresh overtures were made; this time to France, of all countries.

Stinnes caused it to be known that he was in favour of Germany paying a big price for an economic alliance with France, provided France would sacrifice those who had been her allies in the world war. In return for an economic alliance that would enable Stinnes to mobilise the mineral and other resources of France and Germany in one great Trust, French financiers were assured that ways and means would be found of enabling Germany to meet the whole of her Reparations responsibilities and liabilities as far as France was concerned, whatever might happen in regard to the other countries interested.

In response to objections from French financial sources, Hugo even offered to take Belgium into the agreement. At this stage of the negotiations, the French Government learned what was going on and Stinnes was informed, not very politely, that France intended to be true to her allies even though loyalty meant that she would come worse out of the Reparations deal.

"King" Hugo then submitted an amended offer to France, which provided for the supply at once of all necessary materials for the reconstruction of the devastated regions and for the issue of a large block of bonds backed by the security of the great industrial undertakings of which he is head, as a means of guaranteeing to France the Reparations payments. He went further, and undertook to supply at his own cost the necessary labour for rebuilding the ravaged regions. Still his offer was turned down, and Stinnes then resumed negotiations with persons in America and Britain whom he wished to interest in his plans.

He is still negotiating secretly, still trying to play one Ally off against the other, and unfortunately he has powerful friends in the world of finance who may sooner or later help him in his efforts to break the bonds that bind the Allies and lay the foundations of the only kind of war Germany is at present able to wage—an economic war with the object of ruining the rest of the world and establishing German domination in industry. His success or failure depends on the vigilance of the British public.

THE SHYLOCKS OF WHITEHALL

Moneylenders' Touts in the Civil Service

The frequent embezzlements of public money are in many cases directly traceable to the activities of unscrupulous Civil servants who inveigle their fellow-workers into the toils of merciless moneylenders.

WHEN is the Government going to move in the matter of the moneylenders who have their touts on commission in Government offices and in the Post Office and similar services?

The scandal is grave enough and has lasted long enough to call for immediate steps to end it. It is only the worst type of usurers who go out of their way to work through secret touts, and some of the worst of the tribe are to-day represented in every branch of the Government Service.

The "tout" is usually a man with opportunities for coming into contact with a large number of employees. Indeed it is part of his business to spend a good deal of the time for which the taxpayers pay in scraping acquaintance with fellow-employees in different departments. In that way he gets to learn of their troubles, and when he finds one in financial difficulties he is promptly on the spot with the offer of sympathy and help.

He deplores his inability to advance cash himself, but mentions that he knows a friend lending privately who would be willing to accommodate him on reasonable terms. The victim falls into the trap, an advance is made, payable in monthly instalments, and in his relief at finding a way out of his immediate difficulties the victim does not examine the terms too closely.

He only knows that if at any time he should find he cannot meet a payment the friend of his friend will not come down on him. For some reason or other he misses a payment and then resumes in the belief that he is near the end of his liability.

He is, however, reminded of the existence of a clause in the agreement that declares that in the event of default in payment at the specified times, the whole of the loan becomes due and any payments previously made are confiscated.

By this cunning clause, which is strictly enforced, the victim may be induced to pay the actual amount of the loan three or four times over, to say nothing of the high rate of interest charged.

There have been many cases of late in which Government employees from postmen up to responsible heads of departments have embezzled or otherwise misappropriated considerable sums of money. How many of these cases were due to the fact that the official concerned had fallen into the clutches of these inside touts of the moneylenders?

There are men to-day in prison for defrauding the taxpayer who would never have found their way there had they not listened to the overtures of the moneylender's tout in their department. These men are disgraced for life.

The tout of the usurer, however, is free to continue inveigling others into the toils.

Two cases of dishonesty in the public service directly traceable to the persons concerned falling into the clutches of moneylenders of whom they learned through touts who were their fellow-workers may be cited here as typical of many.

One is that of Colonel Masterman, brother of a Bishop and an ex-Cabinet Minister. The other is the case of Thomas Mawhinney, a North of Ireland postman. Both were in temporary difficulties owing to unforeseen circumstances, and both owed their fall to the aid of "Good Samaritans" in their office.

When it is said that occasionally some of these touts are the official superiors of their victims, it will be realised how dangerous the evil can become. The men who act in this capacity are well enough known in their respective offices. They are well paid for their services by the Government, but manage to do as little work as they can in order that they may have better opportunities for seeking victims for their moneylender employers. The commission paid these touts is high—sometimes a regular salary is paid as well to a good man—and there are cases in which the touts have a financial interest in the money-lending business.

SCOOPING the POOL at WHIST

Swindlers Who Ought to be Kept Out

DESPITE the obviously earnest efforts of promoters of whist drives which offer money prizes, to prevent them being exploited by card-sharpers, it is a fact that many such sharpers do take part in the play and succeed in carrying off a considerable percentage of the prizes.

We are sure that if the police looked for certain wanted race-course tricksters and card crooks in these halls they would stand a very good chance of catching them. A favourite trick of these men is the "drop" card or otherwise "mis-deal." That is to say, if the crook finds he has a poor hand, he drops one of his cards, and after play has been in progress for some moments he then declares he has only twelve cards. A search is made and the missing card is found on the floor.

The crook then complains, the cards are re-shuffled, and play is commenced once again.

Most of the promoters have now got wise to this little game.

Quite recently at a North London drive, just before play was about to commence, a man stood up and with a finger pointed in the direction of another man. He dramatically explained: "I refuse to play here unless that man is turned out."

To the surprise of everybody, the man referred to hastily rose and left the building.

He was a notorious card-sharper.

On another occasion at this hall was a low-class racing tipster who had been kicked out of the Silver Ring at Kempton Park for making unwholesome references about one of our leading jockeys and a well-known sporting Society lady.

A known card manipulator who performs at concerts has won several prizes, and admits that he could win when he liked, but has now given up whist drives for fear of being "rumbled."

A gang of crooks were operating at a hall in South London, and one of their number was well in the running for top prize. The last hand produced a grand slam for this player (13 tricks), and his score was easily the highest in the room.

The M.C., however, was somewhat suspicious, and examined the cards at the table of the crook. It was then discovered that the hand had not been played at all, and that the 13 tricks were given to the man by the other three players, who were booked for a share of the prize.

The remedy for this state of affairs lies in the managements of the halls either providing private detectives who have a knowledge of these card crooks or calling in the aid of the police.

Too often at whist drives is the discovery of the presence of a trickster hushed up for fear of damaging the reputation of the hall.

Footballers as Professional Entertainers

Making Soccer Honourably Commercial

by ARNOLD BENNETT

THE opening round for the English Cup quickly showed that football is not yet dead. The London season had at first met with some popular apathy, because the standard of play among London clubs had fallen, and the public does not like to pay money for the dissatisfaction of seeing its darlings defeated. But that is a matter which time and attention to work will put right and are putting right.

The sensation of the New Year has been the reappearance of the Corinthian team, amateurs. It has of course given rise to many groans about the lamentable professionalisation of Association football, and to many hopes that amateur soccer will come again to the top. The hopes are vain, and the groans absurd.

AMATEUR cricket still holds its own with professional cricket, for the reason that the M.C.C. in its omnipotence does not give the professional cricketer a fair show, nor are the methods of the M.C.C. honest, even according to the M.C.C. ideal. The M.C.C. treats Australians as amateurs, whereas the Australians are professionals. The M.C.C. treated W. G. Grace as an amateur, whereas W. G. Grace was a professional. The M.C.C. is jeopardising the future of cricket by public-school snobbishness.

GIVEN a proper chance, amateurism cannot possibly equal professionalism. Amateur musicians are inferior to professionals; amateur lawyers to professionals; amateur actors to professionals. And amateur footballers must in the long run be inferior to professionals.

Moreover, professionalism was inevitable in football. As a game football stands lower than cricket. As a popular spectacle it stands immensely higher. It is far more consistently thrilling; it is easier to understand; and it can be seen in two hours instead of in three days. It is a game for workers; cricket is a game for the leisured.

Soccer was bound to become a commercial amusement-enterprise. It met a felt want, a ravenous want. And it now ranks with other amusement-enterprises; indeed, in popularity it probably ranks above all of them except the cinema.

If music-halls are honourably commercial, why should not soccer be honourably commercial? If the stage is occupied by professionals, why should not the football ground be occupied by professionals? Only the prejudiced can despise such a phenomenon.

Further, professionalism invariably raises the technical standard of the art or the game practised. It gives amateurs something to think about and something to strive for. And the vast majority of football players are, and will always be, amateurs.

Thus football professionalism confers a tremendous benefit on the game as a game. It receives less than justice from our mandarins, because mandarins seem to be quite unable to think straight.

"Fannie."

[" *A flower-girl, one of the noblest and most beautiful characters that a woman could be."—Epitaph of Mrs. Collins, the famous flower-seller of Ludgate Hill, who was buried last week.*]

Fannie, the flowers you sold us were
sweeter than you knew,
They brought us more than the fragrance
of the hedgerows moist with dew;
Each modest bloom was a token of the
love that filled your heart,
Each dewdrop a tear of the sympathy
you were aching to impart.

We knew, though you never told us,
how you mothered all mankind,
The cares you took on your shoulders,
and the comforts you left behind;
The flowers whispered the secret that
was hidden in your smile—
How it was living for others made your
living worth the while.

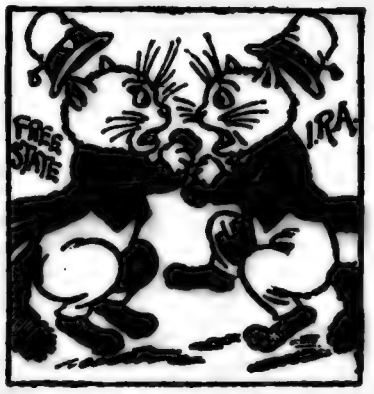
You gathered in Heaven's garden the
flowers you strewed on earth,
Changing sorrow into sunshine and
mourning into mirth.
And when we buy our posies as we hurry
through the town,
They'll seem to us like jewels from our
angel Fannie's crown.

C. H. T.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Lost in the dreamy land of Nod,
Officialism drowses;
And till someone gives him a prod
We'll still be wanting houses.



If every cat nine lives has got,
These two cats of Kilkenny
Must have between them quite a lot.,
In fact a lot too many.

Fritz swears he's got no L.S.D.
And can't make reparation;
But France thinks he will pay if he
Is faced with Ruhrnation.

In Mesopotamia, so we've heard,
Things go from bad to worse;
In fact that well-known "blessed word"
Has now become a curse.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

ANYONE who knew the two felt pretty certain that the Duke of York would marry before his elder brother, in spite of the fact that it was obviously up to the Prince to marry first. But the Prince has developed a curious habit of not doing what is expected of him, or, more often, of doing what is not expected of him. Whereas the Duke has that simple, direct type of mind that is never at variance with his actions.

While the Prince's personality is subtle and complicated, the Duke's is simple and comprehensible. The former, though superficially like King Edward, isessentially like King George. The latter, though superficially like King George, is essentially like King Edward. He has the same quick, eager interest in men and affairs that his grandfather had, the same habit of jumping to conclusions, the same epigrammatic smartness, above all the same pregnant perception of character at a first encounter.

King Edward had the reputation of being a very tactful monarch. So he was when he wanted to be. But sometimes he didn't want to be, and then he would lay about him right and left in the most frightening manner. The Duke of

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

York has undoubtedly inherited a full share of natural tact, but there are occasions when he, too, doesn't mince matters and insists upon having his own way every bit as wilfully as his grandsire.

THE Prince of Wales, though anxious to excel, is neither so keen nor so skilful a sportsman as the Duke of York, whose proficiency is due to that quality of thoroughness which enables him to throw himself body and soul into whatever game he is playing and forget everything else. Whatever he does, he does well, because he does it with all his might.

He is an exceptionally enthusiastic and skilful tennis player and seldom does a day pass in the summer time without him putting in a few sets. This fact was instrumental in throwing him and his fiancee a great deal together last season.

AS a consequence of his vitality, no less than his versatility, the social work he has done in late years has been invaluable. Not only has he been able to deputise, and deputise ably, for the Prince, but he has shown a remarkable aptitude for seizing on the salient points of leading industrial questions

Perhaps it will not come as a surprise when I add that he lacks the reflective temperament. I doubt if he would ever "question the advisability" of doing this, that or the other. He would either do it at once or not do it at all; and, in any case, it would never occur to him to burden his mind with the useless self-condemnation implied by the words: "If only I had done so-and-so!"

THIS headstrong nature of his at one time caused the King and Queen a good deal of anxiety. But, with the years, it has become tempered with an equally strong sense of duty; and the boy who once terrified his swimming-instructor by walking out of his depth—"because then I'll *have* to swim"—is now the man who would "like to tackle a job in the Cabinet."

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. A. BONAR LAW, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Don't you think you made a grave error in refusing to call Parliament together before February 13, so that it could discuss unemployment? Do our legislators need a two-months' holiday at this time of the year? Aren't they paid now for their work? When Parliament is not sitting there is no way of gingering up the Government. It needs gingering-up on this unemployment question. It is useless to say the Government is carefully considering it. That has been the story for years. The hungry and the workless want to see something done. They have been grievously disappointed. JOHN BULL.

To Councillor M'CULLOCH,
Glasgow.

SIR,—As Chairman of the Parks Committee, you recommended that the new boating pond should be built by direct labour. Good man. Somebody moved an amendment that the job should be let to a contractor. Did you vote for the direct labour idea? No, sir. You gave your casting vote in favour of the contractor and against your previously expressed preference for direct labour. Did you ever hear, my dear and reversible Councillor, of the politician who said to his constituents: Those are my sentiments; if you don't like 'em, I'll change 'em." He had nothing to learn from you. JOHN BULL.

To Lord ALNESS,
Lord Justice Clerk, Edinburgh.

MY LORD,—You have recently been raised to the Bench, at a salary of nearly five thousand a year, although you have scandalised Scotland by the savage severity of the sentences you inflict, such as the soul-destroying sentence of five years' penal servitude on the seventeen-year-old boy Arnott. My Lord, at seventeen a boy is not a hopeless and irretrievable criminal, even if he has yielded to temptation and stolen. After five years he will come out a hardened, anti-social, brutalised man. This, my well-paid Lord, is your doing. Have you never a regret, a trace of compassion, a gleam of pity? Some day, my Lord, you too will stand at the Great Bar of Judgment. Will not this unhappy boy's degradation be before you as you stretch out your hands to the Mercy Seat?

JOHN BULL.

To ELSIE SMITH, Palmist,
Hull.

DEAR MADAME,—When you were recently fined for practising palmistry you grumbled because eighty palmists at the last Hull Fair were not interfered with. Tough luck, no doubt, and you certainly had cause to kick. But why on earth didn't you just read your own palm? Then you'd have seen the conviction in the offing and avoided it. Or can it be that there isn't as much in palmistry as you would like us to believe? JOHN BULL.

To Major TRYON, M.P.,
Ministry of Pensions.

SIR,—You are not keeping your promises made to your constituents at Brighton. Week after week we get heart-breaking complaints of the meanness and callousness of your department, crowded, as it is, with well-paid limpets. Read the story of typical departmental meanness we tell on page 8. Stop it, Major. Put your foot down. Suck the limpets and save the starving orphans of the war. That is your job. You are the Nation's Trustee in this matter. Do your duty or make way for a more resolute and competent official. JOHN BULL.

To Lieut. MINA VAN WINKLE,
U.S.A Police Department, Savoy Hotel, W.C.

MADAM,—You have discovered, you tell us, that London is at least as bad, from the point of view of virtue, as Washington. Making discoveries is part of the tradition of the Van Winkle family. You are shocked because English girls go to dances unchaperoned, even when they take place on Sunday evenings in London hotels. Forgive us, dear madam, for giving you another shock. Have you ever heard of Los Angeles? Ever heard of its dope parties? Ever heard of Fatty Arbuckle? Do you know nothing of the infamous orgies practised in that city by its vicious circle which lies round the film star's world. Wake up, Madam Mina Rip Van Winkle! JOHN BULL.

To the BISHOP OF WOOLWICH,
London.

MY LORD BISHOP,—Speaking from a market barrow in the Borough you said: "Human greed and selfishness is the cause of bad housing." Your grammar may be halting, but your information is sound. But don't you believe that bad housing cannot be removed under the present economic system. It can. What is wanted is a stern way with the speculators and profiteers, who keep up prices though wages and materials fall. If you would deal faithfully with these people, they would be driven out, as the money-changers were driven out of the Temple. Why not lead the crusade?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF HARROWBY,
Sandon.

MY LORD,—You are quite right in saying that it is a scandal to throw 30,000 fish into the sea, as the Plymouth fishermen did the other day because they could not get them to the market. As you say, the local authorities should provide facilities for the disposal of surplus fish. You are setting an example by starting a fish shop and a baker's shop. If you bring down the prices you will have achieved another miracle of the loaves and fishes. In any case, good luck to you—an earl who is not too proud to keep a shop amongst a nation of shopkeepers. JOHN BULL.

To the Secretary of the ECCENTRIC CLUB,
London.

SIR,—Your Club is certainly living up to its reputation for eccentricity in giving a dinner to Sir William Horwood. Everybody is glad that that gallant soldier and titular head of Scotland Yard has recovered from the illness brought about by the poisoned chocolates he never should have eaten. But to congratulate him openly on having luckily escaped the penalty of folly is throwing a glaring light on a matter Sir William would be well advised to keep dark. A congratulatory dinner, when the criminal is caught and punished, would be more practical. But then it would not be nearly so eccentric.

JOHN BULL.

THE VANISHING TRICK!

THE ILLUSIONIST: "Und now, laties und gendlemen, der mark I vill now make disabbear aldogedder."

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THERE is a tremendous lot of bunkum being talked over the French invasion of the Ruhr Basin. It is assumed in some quarters that the French Government have acted with reckless haste; that they have not counted the cost; that ignorant spite governs their policy. We do not believe it. The brains which preside at the Quai d'Orsay are quite as good on the average as those which reign in Downing Street, and in respect of intelligence, no less than in other matters, it is always unsafe to indict a whole nation. For the people of France are solidly behind their Government, and it is much too soon to say that they have backed the wrong horse. Enlightened writers in Great Britain are fast coming round to the same point of view.

The Path of Justice

The pacifists can no longer claim that the voice of authority in finance is on their side. Who speaks with more weight on matters of this kind than Mr. Hartley Withers, the late Editor of the *Economist*, who emphatically declares that France is right? The argument is simple. It ought to be laid down for all time that a nation which breaks the peace wantonly and feloniously should pay the full penalty. It is morally wrong to condone her ill-doing, and, as John Bright taught us, what is morally wrong can never be politically right

In our view, this talk of insuperable economic objections to the course laid down by the Treaty of Versailles, and at length adopted by France, is so much moonshine. The whole trouble in regard to reparations is that the Supreme Council have never gone the right way about the job. They have given Germany every opportunity to play ducks and drakes with her internal finance, and by one trick after another to defeat her creditors.

The sentiments of the plain citizen on this vexed question may be crystallised in a phrase; Germany ought to pay, and it is up to the statesmen of Europe to find a way. So thinks France—and so think many of us.

RECENTLY two booksellers were summoned before Mr. E. C. P. Boyd, the West London Magistrate, for selling an obscene book. The whole stock of the book in the hands of the publishers was ordered to be destroyed, the defendants being thus involved in heavy financial loss. Prompted by natural curiosity we have examined the book, and we say without hesitation that it was not obscene. It had not even the piquant flavour of Rabelais or the indelicate suggestion of Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," both of which publications are on sale freely in London bookshops. The volume in respect of which Mr. and Mrs. Guy Aldred were convicted was a perfectly serious treatise on the subject of birth control. It dealt fully with the physiological facts of sex not in any spirit of flippancy, but in the effort to persuade poor folk to limit their families. The description of such literature as "obscene" is surely an abuse of language. In point of fact, the authoress of the work in question had treated her subject with very commendable restraint, and the book which the West London Magistrate has ordered to be destroyed might well serve as a model to certain other propagandists of birth control.

Plain Words to the Married

However, we must assume that the police have embarked upon a definite policy in this matter, and that they will carry it to its logical conclusion. It is inconceivable that the modest publications of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Aldred should perish in the flames of official wrath while the erotic outpourings of Dr. Marie Stopes are flaunted from every bookstall.

It would be grossly unfair to the Aldreds to say that there is not a pin to choose between their books and those of Dr. Stopes. There is, as it happens, a very great deal to choose between the two in the way of taste, decency, and restraint, the comparison being wholly to the disadvantage of the talented authoress of "Married Love."

In our opinion, it would be far better if such matters were left to the arbitrament of public opinion, and there are few questions calling more loudly for popular discussion than that of birth control. But it is a curious system of censorship which strangles a book like the one sold by the Aldreds, and leaves other publishers to reap a golden harvest from works to which the epithet "obscene" might far more justly be applied.

If we are not to be trusted as a people to make decent use of this sort of information the least we can plead for is fair play when the Courts get to work.

IT is about time a cold douche of common sense were applied to the ever-recurring problem of salaries for the clergy. We have no time to waste on such well-fed controversialists as the Rev. G. K. S. Marshall, Vicar of Fulham, who objects to increasing the stipends of his curates from £250 to £300 per annum. It may well be that an extra pound a week means little or nothing to this beneficed priest, but it may make all the difference between a living wage and sheer starvation for the wives and families of his hard-worked assistants.

Sweated Clergy

There is a want of humanity in the attitude of the Vicar which evokes no answering echo from the general public. From the standpoint of the man in the street a curate is a working man who in the main puts his back into his job and tries to improve the lot of those with whom he is thrown into contact as he goes the round of the parish. There are countless instances of good done by the simple, unassuming efforts of these sweated labourers of the Church, and it is no more than plain justice to argue that they should be paid a living wage.

It is a monstrous thing that the Archbishop of Canterbury should draw £15,000 per annum from the coffers of the Church while the humbler Minister of Christ is at a loss to make ends meet. The "richest Church in Christendom" can do better than this. It fails in its mission in so far as it sweats its clergy in the service of the Highest.

IT is time to reflect seriously when a London Coroner suggests to a medical witness that through the gas-pipes "a virulent poison is being laid on to our houses," and the answer is in the affirmative. Clearly this is no more than the bare truth. The coal gas, once thought so harmless, where necessary is a hybrid of poisons. There is not merely the deadening carbon-dioxide but its still more lethal half-brother carbon-monoxide, which, as the Stepney Coroner nicely puts it, "produces unconsciousness far more quickly."

Poison Gas

The list of explosions and other fatalities lately resulting invests the problem with a high degree of urgency. Relatively it is a small matter whether we should be charged for our gas by the "therm" or by the thousand feet, as compared with the question of whether we should be burning a harmless illuminant or a deadly narcotic. The risk of being done to death in our sleep through an accidental leak from the gas-pipes is one that insurance companies will be chary of covering. The danger is avoidable, and if the gas companies on the ground of expense or for any other reason persist in neglecting the simple precautions that will avert such perils, they must be constrained by force of law. At the moment, there are no safeguards whatever.

Really the present danger is a direct result of the Gas Act of 1922, which definitely allowed the gas companies to add as much poisonous carbon-monoxide to their product as they liked in order to cheapen its manufacture. Perhaps the insidious character of this poison was not realised when the concession was made. It may be that too little attention was paid to the scientific experts who warned the late Government of the peril likely to arise from this important relaxation of the law. It is now evident that a serious blunder was made, and if we are to sleep comfortably in our beds it must be immediately redressed.

NO sane person now questions the wonderful skill of Sir Herbert Barker, who, without the ordinary sort of medical qualification, has made an amazing contribution to the art of healing. But Sir Herbert Barker will not live for ever. When he dies his great art will die with him. Not once, nor twice, but many times, he has stated his willingness to place his knowledge freely at the disposal of the medical profession, and, through their hands, of humanity at large. This generous offer has been disdainfully refused.

A Buried Talent

Here is a man who has a method—proved successful in innumerable cases—which will make crooked limbs straight, damaged frames whole, crippled men and women fit and well. Yet the medical fraternity, for no better reason than that he does not write "M.D." after his name, decline to possess themselves of his wonderful secret. The public should have something to say about this magic refusal which may cost [illegible]

BLACK BLOOD IN EUROPE

by A. G. GARDINER

HAS black blood come to stay in Europe? I do not mean black blood in the figurative sense; but black blood in the racial sense. To put the question in another way, has Africa come to Europe to stay? A century ago Canning gave utterance to his great phrase about calling in America to redress the balance of Europe. Is the chief result of the Great War, a century later, to be the introduction of Africa to redress the balance of Europe?

It is an enormous question affecting the whole fate of Europe, although if you read the English newspapers, you might assume that they had never heard of it. That is a phase of the conspiracy of silence and of mendacities in which we have lived for years. But the silence will be broken and the truth will ultimately have to be faced. If you want to know the facts you will find something about them—and very horrible facts they are—in Signor Nitti's new book, "The Decadence of Europe."

As the late Italian premier observes, if Germany had won the war, and planted armies of negro troops in London or Lyons or Rome, and had compelled the local authorities to establish and pay for brothels of English, French or Italian women for their service, there would have been a universal outcry against the outrage to the white civilisation. That is what has been done on the Rhine, and the fact that we pretend to know nothing about it will not prevent certain consequences, of which we shall know a great deal, following.

It is not simply a question of morality or humanity that is involved. The status of Europe as the unchallenged home of the white races is menaced. We have plenty of racial complications, but we have kept free from the complications of colour. What those complications are like, America knows too well. In past times Europe beat back the tides of black men and brown men who threatened to over-run the continent. Curiously enough it was on French soil that the issue of whether Europe should be an appanage of Africa was decided. Now it is through French ports that the Africans are pouring in to occupy the most civilised region of central Europe.

And they are coming to stay. They are not a passing incident. They are part of a policy. The European system is to be broken up into little states under the military and economic hegemony of France. But this policy rests on force, and the French population has been declining for years, and is declining to-day while the central European peoples still increase. How is the difference to be supplied? The answer is "Africa."

What we are witnessing is the beginning of the most tremendous policy of world power in operation since the days of Napoleon. The key of that policy is the domination of Europe by African troops. We may like it or we may not like it. But how long can we go on pretending that we know nothing about it?

A RECIPE FO

by J. St. LOE ST

Editor of "Th Spect

"HERE'S to plenty of Savings—plenty of scarce and dear Capital!" This is at the conclusion of his powerful article, in based upon sound principles, for believing more employment and increa

CAPITAL was born to help Labour; yet everywhere they are at war. Why is this? Because the Workers have not taken the trouble to understand the nature of Capital. They have insisted on the relation between them and Capital being one of enmity, instead of co-operation. It is by this means that Capital, which should be primarily a fellow-worker and partner, has obtained a far stronger portion than it need possess.

Labour has accomplished this unfortunate result by persistently exaggerating the power of Capital and by insisting wherever possible on its limitation, or even destruction. Failing to understand the weak spot in Capital, Labour has made it ten times more powerful than it need be. Capital, I grant, has also been stupid, but the joint misunderstanding has injured the Labourer most.

HOW has this come about? It has happened because no one has made it his business to explain the true position to the workers, and to point out to them Capital's infirmity. The Capitalists have not thought it to their interests to dwell on the matter, while the Doctrinaire Political Economists have been apt to make that darker which was dark enough before, or else have talked in a jargon not understood by the People.

May one who is not a Capitalist, or a Political Economist, or a Party Leader, or a manual worker, try his hand at the job?

Capital is Savings—nothing else. It is just wealth, and the more mystery we make about it, and the more we try to separate it from other forms of wealth, the further we get from the truth.

BUT without this form of wealth, these savings, this reserve of production, held in cold storage, men cannot be set to work and kept at work. A store of wealth is necessary to keep men alive when they are busy producing something which takes more than a day to turn out. Labour cannot even strike without Capital. The Strikers have got to summon it to their help, and the poor abused creature comes obedient to the call, though it hears itself cursed as a villain all the time.

CAPITAL, *i.e.* Savings, has to be hired —whether from oneself or someone else does not matter—in order to "make good" in any and every human enterprise that involves more than a few hours' labour, and is not conducted under the conditions of savagery.

Now what does hiring mean? It means *obtaining a loan for a money payment*, exactly like the hiring of a man. But the amount paid for the hiring of Capital, called interest, varies, again like the wages of a man. If there is plenty of Capital available, the wage is low. If there is only a small supply, it is high—assuming the demand to be the same in both cases.

Capital by its essential nature, though for some strange reason the fact is never dwelt on, is always on the look-out for work, always anxious to get itself hired. It is its only use and outlet. *It cannot thrive without hirers.* It tries, of course, to get the best price it can, but if there are no hirers it withers away and dies, or, if very few, has to dispose of itself at "clearance sale rates."

Mr. J. St. LOE STRA

In other words, the laws of price and value affect Capital, *i.e.* Savings, and Stored Products exactly as they do the other things wanted by mankind. If there is a large supply of the thing wanted, down goes the price. If there is only a small supply, the price soars.

This means that it is in the interest of Labour to have plenty of Capital, plenty of hirers. They want Capital to be crying in the streets, "Oh! Won't some one hire me? I'll come very cheap if only you'll give me a job—4 per cent., 2 per cent., 1 per cent.—anything rather than remain unhired."

It is utter nonsense to talk about the land "where wealth accumulates and men decay." It is in the land where wealth accumulates that men flourish.

It is in the true interests of Labour that Capital should increase and multiply. Whenever Capital is increased, Labour is helped. Whenever Capital is destroyed, Labour is bound to suffer. Waste in any and every form means the destruction of Capital and so is a blow to Labour. On the other hand, waste, or the diminution of Capital, is the opportunity of the Capitalists who survive. To them too much Capital is an injury. It means competitors, and so a lowered price for the thing in which they trade. They cannot make a corner in Capital or organise Trusts and Combines if there is plenty of hireable Capital in the market. No corner ever succeeds in a well-stocked market. It is a shortage and a dwindling market which suit the monopolistic Capitalist.

THE Editor does not necessarily share the views ex of sufficient interest and importance to warrant journal the recognised platform for the free discussio

FOR RICHES

LOE STRACHEY

r of "The Spectator."

gs—plenty of hirers of labour, and down with al!" This is the toast Mr. Strachey gives rful article, in which he states his reasons, for believing that increased capital means ent and increased prosperity.

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J. St. LOE STRACHEY.

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Therefore Labour, instead of turning pale and muttering curses when it hears of rich men, "huge accumulations," and "Banks bursting with money," ought to rub its hands and thank Heaven that there is going to be a boom in hirers. Such accumulations dare not stand idle. Unless they get their regular quarterly wages they dwindle to nothing. *Stocks which pay no dividends are waste paper.*

Think what genuine cheap capital would mean to the world of Labour, whether manual or intellectual. Imagine the normal rate 1 per cent., owing to the vast accumulations of real savings. Such a rate for borrowing would mean that men-hiring, wage-paying enterprises could be started by the hundred thousand. If money could be got at 1 per cent. to start Printing Works, Compositors and Printers would soon be in brisk demand. Again, take Agriculture. There the dearness of Capital, far more often than bad soil or bad climate or high wages or foreign competition, prevents a farm paying.

A low rate of interest would be the get-well-quick cure of Unemployment. But by accumulations of Capital I mean, of course, real Capital and not inflated paper turned out by Government orders. *Therefore, Labour ought to encourage accumulation and ought to look on Capital as a friend, not an enemy.*

It is true that individual Capitalists sometimes act oppressively and injuriously, just as do Trade Unionist Officials, or almost anyone on earth who gets hold of Power and lets it go to his head. If, however, the case of the Capitalist who acts badly is looked at closely, it will almost always be found that his power to do evil rests on the fact that he is a local and temporary monopolist.

The worst tyrant in the world is a moneylender in an Oriental village to whom the peasants pay 60 per cent. a year on loans. He gets this preposterous rate because there are so few people with money to lend in most Oriental countries that it cannot be hired cheaper. Bring more moneylenders, *i.e.*, more Capital, into the villages, as Lord Cromer did in Egypt, and down goes the rate of interest, and with it the Tyrant.

As the Irishman said, "Everybody has got to owe money to Somebody." But if that is the case, let us have as many people as possible asking for the honour of obliging us with a loan at a low rate. It is dear, *i.e.*, scarce, Capital that is to be dreaded, not the cheap and plentiful article.

If, then, the Workers are wise, they will not maintain their present attitude of suspicion towards Capital and will not want to destroy it root and branch. Instead, they will foster it.

Even Lenin and the Moscow Soviet have learnt this simple lesson. They see that Private Capital is necessary, and no longer persecute it. No doubt it is *in theory* possible to maintain Capital and yet only to allow it to be used industrially by the State, but experience goes to show that this plan does not work in practice.

THE State has always been the poorest of traders and generally a very demoralising and unpopular employer. Up till four or five years ago this was explained as being due to the fact that you cannot work a double system. A State monopoly of Capital was said to be necessary to give the system a fair chance. Well, such a monopoly was established in Russia:—a system free from, and undefiled by, any taint of Individualism.

No private person or group of private persons in Russia was allowed to trade, or to manufacture, or to use and issue capital and so take interest. These things were the monopoly of the State. And the power of the State was so terrific, so concentrated, and so ruthless, that no one dared to disobey, or to maintain the Capitalistic and Individualist system even in secret.

Yet the nationalisation of Capital had to be abandoned and Private Capital to be reinstated lest Russia should perish! Now the use of Capital by Private people is being permitted, though nominally only as a temporary measure, and more and more of it is declared to be wanted.

SURELY British Labour will not be so foolish as to insist on learning the truth about Capital in so hard a school as that of Moscow. Let them instead resolve to sell their labour as dear as possible. And in order to do so let them encourage bidders and plenty of them in the National Auction Room.

So far as I am a Capitalist, such a clearing up of the misunderstanding will be contrary to my interests. It will mean lower rates of remuneration for my savings. But it will obviously be to the interests of Labour.

All the same, I give the toast, "*Here's to plenty of Savings—plenty of hirers of Labour, and down with scarce and dear Capital!*"

...hare the views expressed on this page, but considers them ...lance to warrant publication. It is intended to make this ... the free discussion of the leading topics of the day.

MURDER—MORE OR LESS

by HAROLD OWEN

WHEN the legal mind begins to move against a bad law two things are certain: (1) the law is really bad, and (2) its end is near. For a long time laymen have urged that the law in regard to murder should be reformed by allowing a relative as well as an absolute verdict (the Editor of JOHN BULL, for instance, advocated that reform long before it had obtained any sort of popular acceptance), but hitherto the lawyers have given no popular support to the suggestion.

At last, however, the legal mind has stirred. The *Law Journal* endorses the layman's plea, and from the moment the first breach has been made in the legal stone-wall the triumph of the idea is assured. For the admission that there is no legal and occult objection to a course of which the sense and conscience of the layman approve, really finishes the discussion.

Once the reform is accomplished it will seem incredible that English justice ever made such a rule-of-thumb estimate of murder as to provide only one sentence—that of death—for a crime which is conditioned by varying circumstances and degrees of guilt in every case. It is absurd on the face of it, and needs not an instant's reflection to see it, that the murder which is the consummation of a slow, patient, and relentless purpose like that for which Major Armstrong was hanged, is not distinguished by the Law from the murder on an impulse almost based on an instinct, such as that committed by a husband who is suddenly confronted with the proof and the shock of his wife's infidelity.

Yet many a man has been hanged by that rule-of-thumb and unimaginative stupidity which makes no allowance whatever for the mental derangement, temporary but acute, which may in a day or an hour carry a normal man into the classification of a murderer. I say "man" because, in actual practice, women who murder under the impulse of resentment for betrayal do get their cases imaginatively reviewed, and the Kitty Byrons of life always get consideration, and sometimes even offers of marriage, whilst men are most unsentimentally hanged for *their* sentimental reactions.

The reform or grading murder into two, or three degrees of guilt would incidentally get rid of the spiritual dilemma concerning capital punishment. For some murders are so vile that the earthly fate of the murderer is not worth even a passing spasm of pity, and the morbidly impressionable public would be better left in entire prospective ignorance not only of the hour but even of the day of execution.

That is, in the case of what you may call cold-blooded murderers. But there are also murderers *made by circumstance*, with the murder itself only a culminating circumstance in an almost inevitable tragedy; and the mechanical stupidity of the supreme punishment of death for a crime so variable in its motive is really an unenlightened barbarism no longer to be tolerated.

The Editor Threatened with Death

Frantic Effort to Stifle our Exposures

AS we expected, the outcome of our repeated revelations of the existence of an organised Chinese opium smoking society in Limehouse, and our urgings to Scotland Yard to take action, has resulted in the Oriental dope fiends taking fright to such an extent that they have resorted to threats. Knowing these desperate characters as we do, we cannot view such threats as idle, but we certainly do regard them as utterly futile. We have got our foot on the reptile's neck, and we intend to hold it there firmly and relentlessly.

This curious Chinese message was written on a postcard addressed to the Editor of JOHN BULL. *Its meaning is revealed in this article.*

THE terrific power of the secret Chinese "dope" society, Chung Yee Tong, has been broken by our recent scathing exposures of its deadly work. Acting upon exclusive information supplied by this journal, Scotland Yard has made further sensational arrests.

The ringleaders of this yellow gang of drug traffickers, who have been immune from police intervention for many years, are at last on the run. They can see the red light of danger. They know that the end is near.

We know it too, and we shall not relax our grip upon the Chinese underworld until the drug menace has been completely eliminated in this country.

It is difficult work. More than that, it is dangerous work. But we shall not shirk it. We are determined to carry the whole ghastly business through to a successful conclusion.

JOHN BULL is regarded to-day as the drug-fiend's greatest enemy. It is. The yellow wretches know only too well that we are behind the new campaign launched by Scotland Yard to drag the real culprits to justice.

Whispered threats of vengeance and revenge have been made against us for weeks in the Chinese quarters of London, Cardiff and Liverpool. Our articles have been specially translated into the Chinese language and read with amazement and concern by the leaders of the Chung Yee Tong, and their scores of evil associates.

Every arrest made since the publication of our first article is attributed to us, and the leaders of the gang have now decreed that something must be done to prevent us from further exposing their vile activities.

They know that if we are not silenced, their fate will be for ever sealed.

* * *

It is common knowledge amongst those who understand the Chinese race that there is nothing too desperate for them to do when they are cornered. They are cornered now. They have realised that their great cunning has been outwitted. *Their hands are on their daggers!*

This is no idle statement. It is true in every particular:

The Editor of JOHN BULL has been openly threatened with death if he ignores their final warning.

JOHN BULL has crossed swords with these Chinese conspirators in its duty to the public, and now that their power has been broken they will stop at nothing to take their full revenge.

The final warning was delivered by post. It came a few days ago, in the form of a postcard addressed personally to the Editor. It was not a hoax. Before its arrival we had gained knowledge of the fact that it was on its way.

It is reproduced above, so that our readers can judge its grave import. The Chinese characters upon it have been carefully translated, and the facts reported to Scotland Yard, who are now making inquiries into the whole matter.

The characters, in their entirety, represent the name of one Chinaman—Leong Kum Shong. Examined individually, the full meaning of all the characters is:—

Firstly, that the Editor must take warning, as he is being "measured" (or watched).

Secondly, force and pressure will be used against foreigner, but yellow man offers gold to him if he is willing to "market" for it.

Lastly, he must seriously think it over, *or foreigner will be "stuck" with* dagger.

The representation of a dagger is clear in the third and final character.

* * *

It is left to Scotland Yard to trace the person responsible for this threat. Detectives have seen the original postcard, and have full details in their possession.

Such communications are too serious to be ignored. Even though the object of the threatening message is merely to intimidate those responsible for the policy of this journal, it is clear that we have incurred the worst hatred of the treacherous fiends whom we have exposed.

For all we care, their hatred can develop to murderous intent. We shall not stay our hand until the whole country has been cleansed of the malpractices of these Oriental traffickers who turn every place they infest into a plague spot of utter degradation.

Murderous threats made by Chinese fiends on the lives of their enemies have often been regarded with derision. This should not be.

Scores of men and women have met sudden death through ignoring the repeated threats sent them by their assassins.

Ng Yuen, the one-time leader of the Chung Yee Tong, was recently killed in Amsterdam, after incurring the vengeance of his treacherous associates, and ignoring their repeated warnings.

May Roberts, the white "Opium Queen" exposed in our last issue, was herself once stabbed by Chinamen in the low quarters of Liverpool, and left for dead in the vicinity of the Canada Docks, because she ignored their solemn bidding.

Yee Sing, a Chinese laundry-keeper, met his death, at Cardiff, not long ago, in circumstances surrounded by Oriental mystery. This man had been repeatedly threatened because he chose to defy the warnings sent him by his enemies.

A few weeks ago a yellow devil named Lee Doon was hanged at Leeds for killing a man in circumstances which cannot be decently described in print.

All these cases tend to show that when the Chung Yee Tong issue a threat they mean business. But when we take up the investigation and exposure of such a gang of un-

The Chinese gambling sign which is explained in this article.

desirables as these Orientals have shown themselves to be, we also mean business, and we do not intend to be deterred in the slightest degree by any form of intimidation.

The sooner the Chung Yee Tong and other crooked agencies realise this the better. There is only one thing which will terminate our exposures of this social menace, and that is the complete extermination of its organisers either by arrest and incarceration in gaol or by driving into their yellow heads the solid fact that there is no room for them in this country.

Our representative has carried on his investigations in Limehouse almost nightly since the receipt of the message of death. He has for weeks been followed by Chinese who seek to find out whether he is associated with this journal, but so far he has successfully baffled them.

Although things have recently quietened down a little in Chinatown, opium smoking and gaming are still indulged in daily and nightly. Moreover, young women are still being decoyed to the dens by agents of the Chung Yee Tong.

Outside the doors of the "shops," under which the dens are situated, notices are still exhibited by the yellow men when a gambling game is being played. The Chinese sign we reproduce in the adjoining column means that gambling is in progress. This was obtained the other evening in Pennyfields, where "fan-tan" and "pukka-poo" were being played on a large scale. Several detectives were in the vicinity! Were they blind?

* * *

It will not be long, if the police continue to act upon our information, before the three real ringleaders of the Chinese "dope" traffic in this country—a white man and two influential Celestials—are brought to book. We have privately placed Scotland Yard in possession of some startling information which it would not, at the present time, be advisable to make public. Probably, however, by the time this article appears in print a sensational raid, as the result of this information, may have taken place.

We are continuing our investigations, and shall continue our exposures. Chinese murderous threats will not daunt us. We have pledged our word to the public that we shall see this ghastly business through, and we intend to keep that word.

The yellow devils who bring our young men and women to a fate worse than death, who so shamefully despoil the freedom of a civilised country, must be hunted back to that part of the world to which they and their malpractices belong—the mysterious East.

Our campaign is not against the clean-living Chinamen in this country who respect the laws and customs of our race. But we are determined that every Chinaman who abuses our hospitality in this soul-destroying fashion must be brought to book, and deported.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

A "Good" Man's Lonely Wife

"CAN you tell me what I should do in the following circumstances. At the age of seventeen I met a man who was in a good position, and a Sunday-School Superintendent in North Wales.

"I fell in love with him, and my daughter was born four months after our marriage. Our secret became known, and my husband turned against me. For years I suffered without complaint the hardships of this good man's bitterness.

"My consolation was my daughter, who grew up to be a beautiful girl. We had no real home life, however, and at the age of seventeen she also fell a victim to a man who turned out to be a criminal.

"Acting under his influence a week after they were married she forged a cheque of her father's. Her father refused ever again to see or speak to her; her husband was arrested and convicted for a jewel robbery and is now in a convict prison.

"That was two years ago. My daughter has fallen in love with a very eligible young man, an ex-soldier, who knows her story and mine, and wishes to take us both to America, though he knows he cannot marry my child.

"Should I consent? Should I go with them? Am I in honour and duty bound to my husband, who ill-treats me and has abandoned his own daughter?"

"Humanist" says: *Yours is a sad story, the filling theme for a dramatist with a purpose. If your husband is persistently cruel to you you may be justified in leaving him, but you cannot be justified in maintaining your daughter's illicit association with another man. Let her choose for herself without influence.*

The Lover who Ran Away

"EIGHT years ago we were living at a village in Canada consisting chiefly of French and Italians, but very few English. I was married, with two children. I took in three boarders (English). When war broke out, two went away, leaving one. When he used to go to the stores he would bring me home chocolates and small presents. I never thought anything of it at the time for he was always very nice to me. My husband got out of work and decided to go up West harvesting.

"The inevitable happened, and there was a row when my husband came home. He threatened to turn the other man out of the house. I said if he went I would go, so he stayed. After that we quarrelled often, and at the end of February my lover left our house to live three miles away. He wrote me loving letters unknown to my husband, saying he would take me to the States after my baby was born.

"The baby was born in May, after I heard he had returned to England. Three weeks after that my husband came back, then the man I loved began writing me again and asking after the baby. I sent him a photo of her.

"When she was six months old I came back to England. I have written letter upon letter asking him to come and see her, but I have never heard a word from him, but I can't forget him; his face is always before me.

"My husband is very good to me; we never have a cross word now, and he is fond of the child, but I cannot stand him. I say nothing, though at times I feel I must take her and run away and find her father. I feel sometimes that, if he would only come and see her and kiss her, I could forgive him, but forget him never.

"I have felt at times that I must kill somebody or I should go frantic. Nobody here knows of the circumstances of her birth. Do you think it very wrong if I had a day in London to try and see her father, as I feel I must see him once again (unknown to my husband, who is only home week-ends)."

"Humanist" says:—*I am afraid that I can offer you very little sympathy. You have a very good husband and a pretty rotten lover. I rather fancy that you're somewhat rotten at heart yourself.*

The Skipper's Problem

"LONG ago, Humanist—very long ago—I was happy. That was when I married the one woman in the world for me. I am a sailor, an officer in the Mercantile Marine, and I hold a skipper's ticket. But now I see only ruin and misery staring me in the face, and through no fault of my own.

"The first year of my married life was bliss, marred only by my absence abroad. I found happiness whenever I came home which made up for these separations. But, alas, my wife felt the loneliness so much that she drifted into bad company and began to drink. That is all she does—drink; and when I am home she keeps away from it. When I am gone, however, she seeks relief from the monotony in this way.

"Now matters have reached the stage when I've made up my mind to make her give up this habit. To do so I must stay at home. Now here is the irony of it all. After years of waiting I have been offered a skipper's berth. It is the chance of a lifetime, but to take it may mean my wife's downfall. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *Your wife must come first, but why not try another method. Place her in a home for such cases. She doubtless wants to reform and give you your chance. Perhaps after a voyage or two the owners may allow you to take her with you on your trips. There's one other way, if she's a genuine woman. Have a child for her to look after.*

The Curse of Deafness

"I HAVE been advised to write to you and state my case. I shall be most grateful if you can give me any assistance. I am on the verge of destitution and despair.

"I am a single lady, and have usually taken the positions as housekeeper, either in business or private houses; if I take the position in a business house, I am a good caterer and carver, and good manager, but I prefer a private house. I can cook nicely by a gas cooker, and yet, because I am afflicted with deafness, I cannot seem to obtain a position. I do not require people to speak very loud. I have not always been deaf; I can hear everything through a piece of tube, and when people speak distinctly. Do please help me.

"I am in apartments, and have paid all my savings away. I know not what course to take or how to act. I am quite alone, without home or friends."

"Humanist" says:—*Deafness is a terrible affliction to one in your position. Perhaps one of my readers with whom this handicap would not be an insuperable obstacle will offer a job for this good woman.*

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Waste by Winston

by HARRISON OWEN

WINSTON CHURCHILL, who entered the dock wearing upon his head a remarkable "creation" which appeared to be a cross between the style of headgear favoured by the peasants of Tuscany and that worn by the *bersagliери* with full-dress uniform, removed the enigmatical contrivance and sat back to listen to Mr. Watchdog, K.C., address the Court.

Mr. Watchdog said that the charge of recklessly squandering public money had been brought against the accused. It appeared that the accused, when Colonial Secretary, had informed the Treasury that he was setting out with a mission to Cairo, and the Treasury estimated that the mission would be away 45 days, and would not cost more than £1,874, including £200 for something vaguely described as "entertainment." When Churchill reached Cairo he gathered round him a staff of military panjandrums, orderlies and camp followers such as his ancestor the Duke of Marlborough would not have required for the conduct of a big European campaign. The result was that, although the mission was away for only 35 days, it cost the British taxpayers £4,693 0s. 2d.

"The Committee of Public Accounts," said counsel, "asked questions about camel rides in the desert to see the Sphinx and similar jaunts, but these questions were not answered. Anyway, it is small satisfaction to British taxpayers to know that the accused, by wasting £700 a week on the desert air, was able to cut a dash like the Sheikh of Araby. I think the jury will agree that a mission headed by the ex-Colonial Secretary's successful and teetotal opponent, Mr. Scrymgeour, M.P., would have spent considerably less on 'entertainment.'"

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, stated that it was absolutely necessary to impress the native population of Egypt with the might and majesty of Great Britain, and Mr. Churchill, although the task was repugnant to his acknowledged modesty, had endeavoured to do this. Compared with Cleopatra and other well-known persons who had set out to paint the Nile red, the accused had been positively miserly. To describe his justifiable spending as "squandering" was, to say the least, a terminological inexactitude.

Mr. Strawsplitter expressed the hope that his client would be acquitted. It took the jury only 3¾ seconds to put an end to his hope.

"The most that can be charitably assumed in your favour," said Mr. Justice Bull, addressing the figure in the dock, "is that while in Egypt you suffered from a touch of the sun through sitting painting in the desert in an unsuitable hat. Your conduct has shown you to be of a reckless and unstable disposition, and the taxpayers have been involved in further expense in bringing you back from Italy to answer this charge. In view of all the facts, I cannot do less than sentence you to visit Dundee and attempt to explain your conduct to a working-class audience in that city."

The prisoner buried his face in his hat and burst into tears upon hearing his sentence, which, it is understood, the Court of Appeal will be asked to reduce to penal servitude for life.

Printers' Pie . . .

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"ENQUIRE WITHIN" (recipe):—"Half lb. of granulated sugar . . . ½ TEASPOONFUL OF GROUND ENAMEL SAUCEPAN."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—"BUTCHER wanted, TO GO WITH MOTOR AND KILL."

"NORTHERN DAILY MAIL":—"A retired railway servant . . . had a seizure on one of the Sunderland tramcars yesterday, and HAD TO BE CARRIED BY THE GEAR IN THE NORTH SEA AND DROWNED."

"SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN LIBRARY":—"He DROPPED HIS VOICE and BELLOWED an order to a man."

"GLASGOW HERALD":—"The man who drives ONLY A FEW HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR is badly treated in being called on to pay as much as a man whose mileage runs into thousands."

"YORKSHIRE HERALD":—"The Earl of Balfour was . . . ABLE TO GET OUT, although STILL CONFINED TO HIS ROOM."

"THE JESTER":—"(She) skipped lightly over the water, leaving a SHILLING in Dick's hand after doing so. 'I HADN'T ANYTHING LESS, OR I WOULD GIVE YOU MORE,' she said."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"The vessel sank almost immediately, but those on board ESCAPED WITH EITHER LOSS OF LIFE OR INJURY."

ALTERNATIVE ACCOMMODATION

Pitiable Plight of an Evicted Family

HERE is an instance of the way in which "The Greatest of These——" Fund comes to the assistance of those in distress.

Mr. H. C. P. Moon is an old regular soldier of the Highland Light Infantry. On his discharge from the Army he found that his trade of hand boot-finishing had almost entirely disappeared, and he resorted to street trading as a means of livelihood, selling miscellaneous articles such as boots, books, kitchen utensils and crockery from a barrow in the street markets of South London.

For six years he has lived with his wife and family in a house in Akerman Road, Stockwell, for which he has paid a weekly rent of £1 1s. 11d. Often it has been a severe struggle, but by dint of careful economy he has managed to support himself in respectability, and has maintained his reputation as an honest, hard-working man.

About a year ago a series of domestic troubles overwhelmed him. His wife was taken seriously ill, a child died, and he himself was unable, for a time, to follow his occupation. The result was that his rent fell some nine weeks into arrear.

At Midsummer of last year his landlord, who up till that time had appeared to be extremely sympathetic, obtained an order for possession in the Lambeth County Court, stating that he had arranged for alternative accommodation.

The alternative accommodation, however, was never available, for the reasons that part of it was occupied and the landlady refused to accept Mr. Moon as a tenant for the remainder on account of his children.

Endeavouring all the time to find somewhere else to live, the unfortunate fellow worked might and main and managed to pay his rent weekly until September last, though he was unable to reduce the amount of arrears.

Fresh misfortunes then overtook him, and in the beginning of the year he had sorrowfully to bury another child.

A few days later, without warning, the bailiffs appeared and turned his wife and three remaining children into the street—the only alternative accommodation!

While he was still seeking help elsewhere, his pitiable plight was brought to our notice, and we were able to afford him temporary assistance. Without our help he would have been in the workhouse.

"The Greatest of These——"

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

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The very large number of applications received during the last few days made impossible the despatch of the Oxo Puzzles on January 20th.

The period for dealing with applications has, therefore, been extended to January 26th.

No puzzles have been sent out; all will be despatched on the same day, viz:—January 26th.

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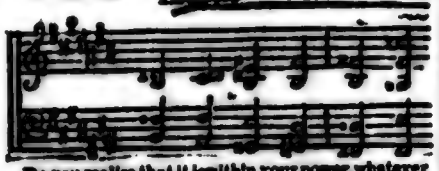
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. . Sports and Sportsmen by ROWLEY MILE . .

National Prospects.

VARIOUS reasons have been given in certain quarters for the falling-off in the entry of the Grand National, but the majority of them are wide of the mark. It appears to have escaped general observation that the entrance fee still remains at 5 sovs., beyond which there is no further liability for such as fail to accept, and many owners might have been expected to pay that trifling sum just to see how their horses would be handicapped. No; the real reason for the diminution is that just now we are badly off for long-distance steeplechasers, and not fifty per cent. of those which were entered could be relied upon to stay the course.

Possible Pitfalls.

Sportsmen who are eager to bet on the big steeplechase would do well to note that Conjurer II. and Manby Gate, two of the most-talked-of horses in connection therewith, have been nominated for the Liverpool Fox-hunters' Steeplechase on the following day. So far as the first-named is concerned, considerations of weight may have something to do with the policy pursued, for his sporting owner, Major Dewhurst, prefers his son to ride the horse, and I notice that the other day that young gentleman could not go to scale at less than 11st. 12lbs. Manby Gate is likewise engaged in the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, for which, being a "maiden," he is eligible to compete.

Tasks for the Handicapper.

Within a few hours of the publication of these notes the imposts will be public property, and I must confess to being a little curious as to the weight which will be apportioned Armvale and Forewarned. Last year the first-named carried 10st. 10lb. only, and although it is assumed he will "go up" considerably, the fact that he has not been seen over a country since will scarcely justify the handicapper in dealing harshly with him.

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative.

PLUMPTON (WEDNESDAY).

1.0 **Tim** (Happy Jack II.).
1.30 **Care Free** (Woodchurch, Vive-la).
2.0 **Lovely Bird*** (Scrabo, The Bleeks).
2.30 **Polytart** (Freezomint, Wanton).
3.0 **Owen** (Blenheim, Tons of Money).
3.25 **Milligan** (Daisy Cutter, Greenogue).

PLUMPTON (THURSDAY).

1.0 **Neurotic** (Ormskirk).
1.30 **Joli Coeur** (Rivobed, Dinant).
2.0 **Uncle James*** (Tower Hill).
2.30 **Mareeth** (Bourton Duck, Puck).
3.0 **Good Points** (White Ronald, Copper Hill
3.25 **Brownstown** (Blenheim, Irish Light).

KEMPTON PARK (FRIDAY).

1.30 **Memento** (Gem, Neurotic).
2.0 **British Warm** (Yewden, Troika).
2.30 **Sprig** (Royal Highness).
3.0 **Ardgour** (Beggar's End, Silvo).
3.30 **Loch Allen*** (Square Dance, Silken Prince).
4.0 **Gasper** (Southern, King David).

KEMPTON PARK (SATURDAY).

1.30 **Bernaray** (Poor Willy, Lydia White).
2.0 **Warwick** (Speen, Perico).
2.30 **Clonree*** (Keep Cool, Foxtrot).
3.0 **Minon** (Llangarren, Redhill).
3.30 **King Solitude** (Lukewarm, Double Up).
4.0 **Hane Snugger** (Cruiser Arc, Firedrake).

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Punt Gun.—This useful horse, who is nothing if not a stayer, must not be judged by a recent defeat over a course which was too easy for him. At his own game he will always want beating.

Sprig.—No valid reason exists for this horse's failure to meet his earlier engagements this season. He is tolerably certain to win a hurdle handicap in the near future.

Hard Hat.—This is one of the most improved fencers in training, and over a country which wants some jumping he will always be worth bearing in mind.

King's Bounty.—When second to Wee Mon at Birmingham the other day, this Irish-bred colt gave quite a neat display of "timber-topping." It should not be difficult to place him to win races.

Royal Highness.—Having made his mark in weight-for-age events, the attention of this five-year-old is now to be turned to hurdle handicaps. In these he is likely to quite hold his own.

Alcazar.—Next time out this horse is likely to improve on his second to Beggar's End at Lingfield. It is probable he requires a slightly longer distance than two miles.

Bennia.—Like many another disappointment on the flat, this horse shows promise over hurdles, and pains-taking Harry Batho will be disappointed if he fails to pay his way.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Few bookies pay more than 100 to 1, but 6d. can win you £250 in "Bullets" this week.

• • •

Mr. "Jimmy" White will be a lucky man if he can find a better Lincolnshire Handicap candidate than Clochnaben.

• • •

Judging by the engagements that have recently been made for him, there would seem to be a doubt respecting Legality's stamina.

• • •

Clashgour, who will pay to follow next season, looks like being wanted for an early engagement.

• • •

Gasper and Groomsport, recognised as the cracks among the younger generation of handlers, will probably come into opposition at the Lingfield February Meeting.

• • •

Cyclax is apparently considered too valuable a proposition on the flat to be risked at the jumping business.

THE BALL GAME.

ONE hundred years ago a small boy at Rugby School disregarded the rules of football as it was then played, picked up the ball and ran with it in his arms. In that trivial incident was the birth of Rugby. The feat of this boy, William Webb Ellis, is perpetuated at Rugby on a slab, and I hear the centenary match which is to be played at the famous school next November will be the most representative gathering the great game has known.

A Rugby "Come-Back."

West of England Rugby enthusiasts complain to me that B. S. Chantrill is England's ready-made full-back. I can assure them the selectors had more concern over the position than they might think, and Chantrill's turn will come if Petty Officer Gilbert does not do well against Wales. But is there anything behind the reappearance for Blackheath of Barry Cumberlege? I don't believe in Rugby "come-backs," but Cumberlege is not too old to revive if he seriously intended to.

Come to Light.

As I expected, quite a few hitherto "unknown" players came to light in the first round of the Cup, and half-a-dozen at least may still be full-time professionals. One manager, whose side, composed of obscurities, did much better than anticipated, was not exactly looking forward to his team's celebration of their performance. "I don't know what will happen," he said; "they train on beer in the ordinary way."

Wolves Satisfied.

"Stan" Fazackerly has not set the Black Country exactly raving about him since he left Everton for Wolverhampton, but he got the goal which carried the Wanderers into the second round of the Cup, and they are for the moment satisfied. Fazackerly is one of those annoying fellows who play badly when you see them, and brilliantly when you are somewhere else, but there's no doubt about his talent when he hits the right mood.

A Real "Charger."

More than one good judge I know is impressed with the possibilities as an International back of A. G. Bower, the Corinthian, apart from a general feeling that our amateur talent is not recognised as it might be. Bower is certainly a good kick with either foot and an entertaining exploiter of the good old full-blooded charge. I saw Bower play in the first round of the Cup at Brighton, and some of the local players wondered what had hit them when Bower tackled.

Vi la Pivot.

Tom Ball seems to have settled down in Barson's old place at centre-half in the Aston Villa side. The Villa tried Ball at back and left half before he was given the greater responsibility, and his development is but another tribute to the acumen of the men who go about looking for youngsters worthy of wearing the claret and blue. Ball was a mere lad when he was seen playing with Felling Colliery, and if the "coal" club got anything for his transfer, you can bet it was not much.

The Greater Chance.

The Arsenal started the season with a "set" team, but eight out of the eleven lost their places through injury or incapacity, and I doubt if more than a couple will get them back. The success of the substitutes prompts me to suggest that in other clubs there must be a lot of undiscovered talent. Reserves, of course, get their chance when a man with a bigger reputation has to lay-off, but how many are lucky enough to have a prolonged trial? No youngster can do his best, let alone improve, by a merely promiscuous promotion.

Spurs v. Worksop.

We consider the Tottenham Team to be one of the best in the country, but their first cup-tie performance against Worksop left us in doubt. The return game, with the overwhelming defeat of the miners' team, set us wondering. As several of our correspondents say, "*there is need for enquiry here.*"

John Bull's Footballers

No. 19.—J. PATERSON (Sunderland).

WHEN Sunderland commenced to throw cash round last season, about £3,500 of it went into a Leicester bank, and Paterson left the City for Roker.

Paterson was not a howling success at first, but he has been since, and of all the expensive purchases his new club made at the time, Paterson is one who was worth it.

Some English managers don't like Scottish forwards. Sunderland do, and particularly so in Paterson's case, for he has all the national ball control and more speed and dash than the average Scottish centre-forward.

Paterson has played for Scotland at inside-left, but the middle position is his natural one, and with Andy Wilson slinky, Paterson may lead the Scottish forwards against England

What are Paterson's greatest attributes? A shot in each foot, a watchful eye for the best wing to play to, a clever side-step, which gives him an immediate opening, a pronounced swerve at top-speed, a general alertness, and a keen discrimination of the off-side rule. Not a bad equipment for a man who obviously was born for the job of getting goals quickly and frequently.

Much of Paterson's effectiveness at Sunderland has been due to the assimilation of the methods of the other forwards. He has copied Buchan's quick-change of position and in their intuition of the pass that is coming from one to the other we have the true art of football.

P. S.

(Next week: J. H. HILL, Plymouth Argyle.)

FORECASTS FOR JANUARY 27.

(Nap Selections in black type).

HOME WINNERS.

Manchester C., **Aston Villa**, Blackburn R., **Sheffield U.**, Stoke, Newcastle, Liverpool, **Tottenham**, Blackpool, **Bury**, **Hull**, **Leeds**, Stockport, S. Shields, **W. Ham**, Brentford, **Bristol C.**, Northampton, **Portsmouth**, Reading, **Swansea**, Swindon, **Watford**, Halifax, Bradford, Darlington, Walsall, Nelson, **Wigan**, Wrexham, **Aberdeenians**, Ayr, **Celtic**, **Hamilton A.**, **Hearts**, **Raith R.**

AWAY WINNERS.

Southampton, Plymouth, **Rochdale**, Stalybridge, **Aberdeen**, Dundee, **Rangers**.

DRAWS.

Preston v. Burnley, **W. Bromwich v. Birmingham**, Huddersfield v. Sunderland, Clapton O. v. Wolves, **Fulham v. Derby**, Notts. C. v. Leicester, Aberdare v. Newport, **Millwall v. Q. P. Rangers**, Durham v. Crewe, Tranmere v. Grimsby, **Morton v. Falkirk**.

SUGGESTED COUPS.

8 HOME:—Manchester C., Tottenham, Bury, W. Ham, Bristol C., Swansea, Watford, Hearts.

4 AWAY:—Southampton, Rochdale, Aberdeen, Rangers.

3 DRAWS:—Preston v. Burnley, Fulham v. Derby, Millwall v. Q. P. Rangers.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY:—Bury, Celtic, Hearts, Aberdeen, Rangers.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Tottenham, Rangers, Millwall v. Q. P. Rangers.

How to Pick Winners

Systems—Their Advantages and Disadvantages

Ex-handicapper gives some additional points for punters, and adds some remarks on systems.

LAST week I gave my ten points for punters. To those I may add one or two more before I go on to deal with systems.

When a horse misses an engagement at a meeting and waits for a race on the second or third day in which he is carrying more weight, and consequently in a somewhat different class, it is fairly obvious that he is fancied. He could lose on the first day just as easily if he were "not wanted."

The number of horses which have won big events after having been reported to have done a bad gallop is simply amazing. Winkfield's Pride was reported to be *in extremis* on the Saturday before he landed a fortune for his owner in the Cambridgeshire. 200 to 1 was offered *and taken*, and in a very few hours he was back in his position as a roaring hot favourite!

In all probability, there was never in the history of the Turf such a "certainty" as Mr. Sullivan's horse. The trainer (Robinson) advised the owner to go for the Lincoln Handicap. Mr. Sullivan preferred to wait. Then came the City and Suburban and Jubilee, with the gentle reminder that Winkfield's Pride was at his best, and that he could not reasonably be expected to maintain the form. The Navan solicitor was in no hurry, and Robinson was by no means pleased. As soon as the weights appeared for the Cambridgeshire, operations commenced in earnest, and after the owner had exhausted his commission he wired to all of his friends in England as follows:—

"*Help yourself to mine.—Kind regards.*"

The trainer's son rode Winkfield's Pride, and the favourite won in a common canter, much to the annoyance of the late W. W. Fulton, who owned that grand mare Laodamia. He was warned by his Irish friends that, good as Laodamia was, she hadn't a dog's chance, but as the mare was at her best he decided to have a "go" notwithstanding the fact that she was carrying top-weight.

Fulton had already brought off a great Cambridgeshire coup with Comedy, and also landed a fortune of £85,000, but nowadays we find little or nothing of this sort of thing going on. Mr. Sullivan was connected with another sensational Cambridgeshire when his horse Berril won, and incidentally brought to the notice of the Jockey Club a Turf scandal of the first magnitude.

The American division was then getting somewhat desperate, and they had made up their minds to go in off the deep end over Codoman, the mount of Tod Sloan. A chance overheard conversation in a Newmarket hotel proved to be their undoing.

A famous trainer who caught their remarks told the owner. In a word, they said the only danger in the race was Berril, but that the jockey was "all right." Sullivan substituted another jockey at the *very last moment!* The Irish division can never be safely put aside in the Cambridgeshire!

Although the average is about one in four favourites successful, if handicaps are eliminated it will be found that the percentage in weight-for-age races is much more attractive. Many heavy, shrewd and successful operators deal in these events alone.

There is not much sense in backing a horse each way which is likely to start at a short price. At even money it means laying 4 to 1 on. No owner would be foolish enough to do so. To get a place at this price means practically nothing saved, the exposure of the horse's form, and little or no weight off for the next engagement.

A system at racing will be discussed so long as the Turf lasts, and when all is said and done, it is an intensely interesting subject. The weak part about the great majority lies in the fact that what may be successful at one part of the season will be entirely out of gear at another; and even if one did prove itself profitable in one season, it would probably be all wrong in the next.

The claim to a successful system must be based on at least three years' racing—war racing excluded. How easily you could be deceived if you did not closely examine the conditions attaching to certain seasons!

Any old system would have been successful during the war. It was as simple as A.B.C. We were very nearly approaching normal in 1921, and then we had the strikes and the drought, with the result that, when the miners went back, there were something like a hundred potential winners missing. There was bound to be a clash when racing was resumed.

The shrewd professional weighed this situation up like a Prime Minister—he looked on and played lightly. Even 1922 was not normal by reason of the fact of so many maiden two-year-olds knocking about, including the Derby winner, Captain Cuttle!

Let us hope that 1923 will bring us to ordinary conditions without any stoppage through strikes, drought, or beetle-bug.

There is one warning I should like to offer on the eve of a new flat-racing season. A horse which has been successful in long-distance handicaps, and is consequently top-weight or thereabouts, is not likely to start winning at the commencement of the next season, except there be an intention to retire him to the stud almost immediately. If he did win, say, in March or April, he would be set an almost impossible task for the remainder of the season.

As a rule his mission is to get weight off with the object of being let in with a reasonably fair chance later on.

The handicapper, of course, does not overlook the market, and it is considered good policy on the part of the owner or trainer to put it about that his horse is fancied, in order that the public will supply the money which should have come from themselves. Even when they throw a hundred or so away, it is considered merely to be money lent. Therefore, do not take too much notice of horses that fail when they are apparently fancied.

a year for Certificated Book-Keepers

THE City Correspondence College has helped thousands of men and women whose abilities were no greater than yours to obtain a position carrying a good salary. £300, £400, £500 a year—these incomes are easily earned by Certified Book-Keepers. If you are willing to do a little interesting study in your own spare time—Success is guaranteed.

HOW IT IS DONE.

The experts of this College will guide you step by step through the Course. You, yourself, will be surprised at the speed of your progress through the Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced Stages.

Your success at two recognised Advanced and Senior Examinations is guaranteed in writing. If you fail, you get Free Tuition until you do pass. This is the guarantee upon which the acknowledged prestige of the College has been built.

A small initial payment on enrolment and 8/- a month is all this splendid course of instruction will cost you. Text and Exercise Books are supplied Free.

FREE PRIZE SCHEME.

Cash Prizes are awarded to Students gaining Diplomas at these recognised Exams. Many Students actually get the whole of their fees returned—and more. Details are included with

This Book'et FREE

Send to-day for this most interesting Free Booklet, together with particulars of our guarantee of successful training. Prize Scheme and list of testimonials.

WRITE TO-DAY TO

The Principal—

THE CITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE,

Room 6, 69, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

R.F.O. says: 'Ever to the Fore.'

Established 26 Years.

MESSRS.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

144H, West Regent Street, GLASGOW.

FOOTBALL

NOTHING BARRED

Six Leagues,

5 Separate Lists Issued.

Special SHORT LIST

14 to 1 3 Home Teams.

Gigantic increase of odds.

AGENTS WANTED.

Liberal Commission.

Become a PIANIST this Winter

I WILL TEACH YOU IN YOUR OWN HOME

simple Crystal-gear.

to play such music as you desire with facility and perfection and without ordinary mechanical practice! practice! practice! I have taught thousands of pupils during twenty-one years—beginners to professional players. Start at your own stage—I grade lessons to suit each pupil. Read my book and judge for yourself. I guarantee success. FREE COPY of "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard." Send card (Mr., Miss, etc.), and say if beginner, elementary, moderate or advanced. Mr. H. Bonkoe, 61, Bristol House, Malvern Vicarage, London, S.C.1.

THE CEPEA FABRICS

Cepea Serge Shirts

The new patterns have novelty, and at the same time that good taste which distinguishes the well-dressed man. To be sure of the genuine material and make up, see the round tab on every garment. *Of all hosiers and outfitters at the new reduced prices.*

SHIRTS 9/6 (COLLARS EXTRA)

PYJAMAS 15/6

In case of difficulty or substitution please write: The Cellon Printers Association, Ltd. *Advertising Depot*, Manchester.

GLANOIDS

Gland treatment for RENEWAL of YOUTH and Energy for Men and Women: of especial value to Women in cases of Anæmia, Nervous Disorders, Depression, Effects of Age and Frigidity. Gives Renewed Vigour to Men, overcomes Angina Pectoris and Cardiac Asthma.

Prices: 5/-, 7/6, 10/6, from

DR. ROGERS GLANOID CO., 64, Haymarket, London, S.W.1

ENDS STUBBORN COUGHS IN A HURRY.

For Quick Relief this Old Home-Made Remedy Has No Equal. Easily and Cheaply Prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Anyone who has coughed all day and all night will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

From your chemist get one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it ½-pint of hot water and four ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey, stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. Breathing becomes easy, clogged nostrils open right up, the cough stops, and the tightness across the chest will soon end. It is splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or throat troubles.

Parmint is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Japanese Mint and Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs. It tastes pleasant, and is good for either children or adults. This plan of making cough medicine for the home saves you money, and has become very popular with thousands of people who have learned its value.

THE CITY LIFE Assurance Company Ltd.

Assets Exceed	£1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds	£350,000
Claims Paid Exceed	£1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed	£2,250,000

HEAD OFFICE:

CITY LIFE HOUSE, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2

A Raw Sore Throat

Eases quickly when you apply a little Musterole

Just spread on this pleasant, clean, white ointment with your fingers. It penetrates to the sore spot with a gentle tingle, loosens the congestion and draws out the soreness and pain. No sting or blister. No need to muffle yourself up with pads or wrappings that lower your resistance to colds.

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other homely simples. Highly concentrated, a dab spreads over chest and throat. Treat a cold for a penny. Try Musterole for quick relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsilitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, colds on the chest.

Of all chemists; a 2/6 jar often lasts a family for months.

THOS. CHRISTY & CO.,
4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

MILLER'S MUSTEROLE

IF YOU WORRY, READ THIS.

Worry never brought any good to anybody. Still, you say, "I don't worry because I want to; it is because I can't help it"; or "I have so much to worry about." We all have our troubles, and worry, of course, makes matters worse.

The doctor who could meet this nervous condition and cure it would be the most popular man alive. He cannot do it, however, because the form of nervous exhaustion known as neurasthenia, of which worry is a symptom, must be cured to a large extent by the patient.

But as the nerves depend upon the blood for nourishment, it follows that by reinvigorating the blood the patient is tackling the actual root of the trouble. And that is why Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved so successful in cases of neurasthenia and nervous debility, for they supply the pure rich blood necessary to feed the nerves.

You should send to-day for the book, "The Nerves and Their Needs," and read the chapter on neurasthenia. A copy will be sent free if you write to N.N. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

You can begin to get well now, for Dr. Williams' pink pills are to be obtained of all chemists; or direct from above address, 3s. 0d. per box, post free. Good for men and women too.

BLANKETS

BIG BARGAIN OFFER!

HERE'S A BIG OFFER! 850 Parcels direct from the Mills, each containing 3 Pairs of Full-size New White Bury Blankets (slightly imperfect), to be cleared at 23/6 per Parcel, carriage paid to any address in the British Isles. You cannot afford to ignore this remarkable opportunity, so be wise and send for your parcel now. Remember you get 6 Full-size White Blankets for 23/6. These Blankets are manufactured in the Bury Mills, and are famous for their warmth and durability. Get them while you can, and if you are not delighted with your bargain we will refund full purchase money without delay. Send at once.

23/6 Three Pairs (6 Blankets)

ASHTON & Co. (M. Dept.), Union Street, BURY, Lancashire.

Our Letter Parliament

Questions that might be asked in the House

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited: 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Have Ex-Soldiers no Regrets?

It was with intense relief and profound satisfaction that I doffed khaki and donned mufti. To quit the beastly stinking trenches, to forswear the horrors of the battlefield, to miss the roar of guns, to retire from every scene and semblance of "service" was to quit hell for heaven. And yet—so subtle and strong and insistent has been the call of the army upon me that I am far from realising the happiness that I anticipated. Slackness has now superseded smartness, trifles are magnified unduly, and I cannot find a trace of the comradeship I have lost.—G. Doran, 39, Wolverhampton Road, Walsall.

Penalising Adultery.

Nowadays we find men holding titles of nobility and men employed in the service of the State who have been convicted in a Divorce Court of breaking the Seventh Commandment. A man who has contravened the laws of honour—the marriage contract between a man and a woman being one of the most sacred laws—should not be allowed to mingle in the company of decent men and women, neither should he be entrusted to carry out any duty under the State.—T. B. Saunders, Pinewood House, Camberley.

Official Baby Farming.

I have come across several instances recently where mothers have been compelled to put their babies out to nurse. They have been taken into a supposed registered foster home, but in none of these cases has one child been visited by the authorities. It appears that all that is necessary to do to become a registered foster-mother is to have the rooms clean when the inspector comes to register them. The child is never seen at all. I suppose the child is a minor detail.—Anxious Mother, Bletchingley.

Taxing the Tourists.

Our illustrated papers give the toiler of this country some idea of the winter joys and sports obtainable in Switzerland by the wealthy section of our community. Meanwhile he remembers that his humble amusement obtained at cinemas, football matches and the like, is heavily taxed. Is it impossible to impose some form of tax on money expended abroad on holiday-making by our moneyed classes?—T. A. B., Birkenhead.

Pampered Dogs—Starving Children.

In all parts of London children suffer from lack of food, while at Olympia the pampered Pekingese pets of the rich are exhibited, surrounded by wanton luxury. One dog owner stated that each of her dogs had a separate house to sleep in. She had also refused a thousand pounds for one of her dogs. If some of our sentimental rich women would lavish as much care on children as they do on dogs they would be entitled to respect.—Frank Hope, Clapton Common, Stamford Hill, E. 5.

Wars Petitions.

I have occasion as a commercial traveller to visit Ilford regularly and have been pestered to death to sign the petitions for a reprieve for "The Ilford Lovers." I indignantly refused, and lost an order at one shop in consequence. Since then I have been told by the owner that he was literally dragooned into taking up the case. A far more sinister thing, however, occurred. I was button-holed in the street, and after many wheedling inducements, was "struck dumb" by the following: "Go on, Guv'nor, give us your monniker. I've got a bet on that I get more names than my pal." In the hope that many well-meaning people will pause in future, I am sending you this.—Shocked, Rotherhithe New Road, S.E.

Medical Fitness for Marriage.

When every man, and every woman too, is compelled by law to produce a medical certificate of fitness for marriage before entering the state, many innocent of the world and its ways and looking forward to life-long happiness will be spared the shock of discoveries that fill their lives with horror, incurable ailments will begin to disappear, and the health and moral tone of the nation improve. When Parliament moves to make this law it should also make adultery a crime, punishable by imprisonment.—E. Clew, Bolton.

Half-Timers in the House.

Is it not time that an amendment was introduced to the payment of Members of Parliament, by establishing the principle of payment in proportion to attendances? So far as the poorer members of the House are concerned, this would make for more regular and therefore more efficient representation. If a member of the legal or business profession absents himself in order to earn a fat legal fee or complete a profitable business deal, he should have no reason to complain.—David Evans, 48, Miskin Road, Trealaw, S. Wales.

Impart Your Wisdom

DO not keep all your brilliant ideas to yourself. They may be put into practice if you send them to us. Do it now.

English Schools—Foreign Materials.

An educational scandal is the large amount of foreign materials which British teachers have dumped into their schools. Chalk from America, pencils from Japan and Central Europe—even text books often betray their trans-Atlantic origin, in spite of an ingenuous alteration of names and references. What irony exists in a lesson on "patriotism" in such circumstances!—Teacher, Suffolk.

Stamps for Work-Seekers.

As an unemployed man, I have written some dozens of applications in answer to newspaper adverts., and, except in a very few cases, I have had no replies. I (and hundreds like me) can ill afford these wasted stamps. Moreover, unless I have a stamp by me, I cannot post till 9 o'clock, when the post offices open, thus missing the first collection. Why cannot the Government issue, through the Labour Bureau, officially stamped envelopes for this purpose? Should they fear misuse, the number of envelopes addressed to the same place would prove their bona-fides.—T. Thornton, 2, Corinth Road, N. 7.

Equal Moral Laws.

Why should there be one law for the man and another for the woman where transgressions from virtue are concerned? The woman who keeps a brothel is fined or imprisoned, whereas its male patrons are allowed to go scot free. The woman who solicits is hauled before the Magistrate, whilst the sharer of her vice escapes. The woman who gives birth to an illegitimate child suffers disgrace and ostracism, but the partner or cause of her lapse from grace evades punishment. To adequately adjust this social wrong the same standard of morality should be made applicable to both sexes.—W. J. Flatman, 41, Farnham Road, Handsworth, Staffordshire.

Bugs in the Bakehouse.

The authorities in power would do well to investigate more closely the various factories where bread is produced.

I have seen bakehouses alive with beetles and cockroaches, and floors and windows that are cleaned about once a year, whilst dough occasionally dropped is moulded together with floor refuse.

Whitewashing only hides the dirt which accumulates on the walls. Why not make it compulsory for all bakehouses to have glazed brick walls that can be cleansed regularly?—Doughnut, Burton-on-Trent.

Stowaway Emigrants.

The fact that sixteen stowaways were recently caught aboard one vessel at a northern port indicates in the plainest possible way that there must be large numbers of men in this country willing enough to emigrate, but who might just as well cry for the moon. The various colonial governments are supposed to tackle the immigration problem thoroughly this spring. Perhaps they will remember while they are about it that it is useless to tempt with juicy language from a distance of several thousand miles, and then "talk in hundreds."—Henry V. Tucker, 103, Bower Street, Bedford, Beds.

Chance for the Chancellor.

A big source of income for our Chancellor of the Exchequer would be a graduated Stamp Duty on "Bank Cheques," and also on "Receipts for Cash." At the present time the man with a banking account can remit any amount by cheque, for twopence, but the man without money in a bank has to remit by means of postal orders, etc., from the post office, and pay duty according to amount sent. In the case of "Receipts for Cash" it appears unfair that one for two pounds pays as much to the Revenue as one for a few thousands does.—Small Tradesman, Huddersfield.

Britain and the Olympic Games.

We are the greatest sporting nation in the world, but it looks at present as if we will only send a scratch team to Paris to compete in the tests. Equipment and housing for the athletes is seemingly going to be a difficult matter owing to lack of funds. I suggest a grant be made from the Treasury to furnish everything and thereby give our representatives the chance to show to the world that Britain is by no means a spent force in the realms of sport. We have the athletes and we have the money, and wise expenditure in this direction would foster the spirit of good will and help the nation in general.—G. Willis-Oliver, Greenside House, Chirnside, Berwickshire, N.B.

THE PROBLEM OF BUYING

by F. A. Wilson-Lawrenson

(Representing the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.)

ADVERTISING is simply the understanding of brains put on paper, and that when a piece of white space is purchased in a periodical it is worth to the manufacturer in its selling force exactly what is put on the sheet and nothing else. We may compare it to an artist buying a piece of canvas for 1s. When he has painted his picture he may sell it for 10s. or £10,000. But what he sells it for will depend on its merit, and its merit has to depend upon the skill and the brain of the artist in depicting on the canvas just what he has in his mind. Therefore, the manufacturers of America realise that an advertisement costing $8,500 is deserving of at least 10 per cent. in preparation cost.

In America we have been able to educate the consumer of goods as to the economic force which advertising plays in regulating the cost of his whole life, and this is accomplished because we make it our business to see that he is educated to this point. Unfortunately, there are still millions of people, and I think this is particularly true of Great Britain, who still believe that advertising plays no part in the economic life of a nation except to increase the cost of goods.

If you question my statement I suggest you stop the first six people you meet in the morning and ask them who is paying for a full-page advertisement of—we'll say—a large departmental store here in London. Four or five out of the six will tell you that they are if they buy any goods from that Store, and the reason that they believe this is because they have not been educated otherwise.

Ask the Publisher why he carries advertising, and his answer will be that he needs it. Of course he needs it—he needs it because he is unable to publish a paper or a magazine and sell it to the public at a price at which they will be interested unless the deficit on the circulation is made up by a revenue from the advertiser.

The publisher carries advertising for another reason, or, at least, if he does not, he should. Some publishers have failed to recognise this fact, or if they have recognised it, they have failed to understand. I would say that the honest publisher carries advertising as an economic service to his constituency—namely, the reader.

After all, it is necessary that we remind the public that they have a 100 per cent. problem every day of the year, and the 100 per cent. problem which they have is the problem of buying—to some it is a question of buying foodstuffs for the house, clothes for themselves or necessaries or luxuries of any kind. If the Newspaper Publisher is helping the consumer along this line of the economics of buying he is rendering to them a 100 per cent. service on a 100 per cent. problem. It is only when this trouble begins to dawn on the consuming public that both publishers and advertisers will reap their reward which they are entitled to—the reward of consistent honest advertising.

To-day ask yourself this question

"IS there any reason why you should go on for another year paying others to do the scores of little odd jobs, the mending and repairing, the altering and renovating that you could do just as well yourself?"

You need have no doubt about being able to do these things. Make up your mind to try and we guarantee—as 145,000 users have proved—

THE

AMATEUR MECHANIC

will tell you how & show you how

to do any and every job as good as a tradesman. You can start at once to do any job that wants doing from patching a boot or repairing a chair to erecting a workshop or making and upholstering any article of furniture. Here are

SOME OF THE

400 jobs YOU can do

How to build your own sheds, outhouses, poultry-houses, etc.—How to cure damp walls, leaky roofs, and smoky chimneys—How to make garden frames, garden furniture, and garden paths—How to mend windows and to make, mend, and strengthen locks and bolts—To clean, overhaul, and repair motors and motor cycles, to install wireless telegraphy, electric light, etc.—To work in every kind of metal—To etch on brass—To build a boat or canoe—

No waiting to study or learn. You can start at once on any of these Jobs.

To varnish a violin—To repair the piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To stuff furs—To stuff and mount birds—Wood inlaying—To prepare working drawings—To renovate a grandfather's clock—To make garden arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, etc.—To use metal-drilling tools—To renovate mirrors—To mend china—To do fretwork—To lime-white poultry-houses—To do gold and silver plating—To clean a watch—To mend keyless watch and ordinary watches—To distemper ceilings and walls—To make picture-frames—Curtain fitting—Metal castings—To clean boilers—To fix an anthracite stove—To regild and restore picture-frames, etc., etc.

Read these two letters

Mr. P. OGLESBY, Silks Farm, Wye, Kent, says: "A child should be able to understand the instructions: and best of all are the illustrations. One could almost learn to do almost any job without any letterpress."

Mr. P. SMITH, Dalston, writes: "A father wishing to give his son a present cannot do better than buy "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC" for him—something to read, something to learn, something to gain."

FREE Add your name and address to the coupon, tear off and post to us to-day. By return you will receive a fully illustrated book which explains in detail all the jobs the Amateur Mechanic will teach you how to do.

Tear out and Post this Coupon

To the WAVERLEY BOOK CO., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.E.), 96, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Please send me, without charge, your Free Illustrated Booklet, containing all particulars as to contents, authors, etc., of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC"; also information as to your offer to send the Complete Work for a merely nominal first payment, the balance to be paid over a few small monthly payments beginning thirty days after delivery.

NAME .....
(Send this form in unsealed envelope with halfpenny stamp)

ADDRESS .....

J.B.E., 1923. .....

for YOUR home

a Library of Music such as has never before been obtainable.

Here you have gathered into one collection the finest pieces of the world's greatest composers—repertoire of Songs and Pianoforte Solos that will bring ecstasies of delight to every lover of music—to the beginner no less than the Professional.

Opera Music.
Dance Music.
Classical Music.
Popular Music.

THE

MUSIC LOVERS' PORTFOLIO

Edited by SIR LANDON RONALD

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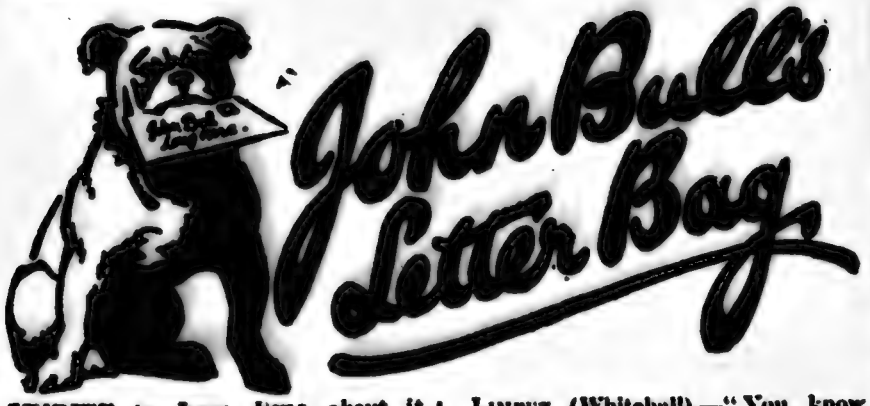

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C. T. W. (Darlington).—"Aunts are a frightful nuisance." But uncles can be extremely accommodating.

JAMES H. (Leytonstone).—"I love fogs." Whether you wrote 'fogs' or 'frogs,' we do not share your passion.

ADONIS (Wigan).—"What about a beauty contest for men?" Why this blushing modesty?

FILMY (Forest Gate).—"I should love to be a film actress." The best way to become disillusioned is to try it.

J. F. M. (Bolton).—"I find it very difficult to get up in the morning." The commonest of all human weaknesses.

L. N. (Lowestoft).—"Is it correct to tell a dog to 'lie down' or 'lay down'?" This is one of the rare instances where lying is good form.

DEAD CERT (Enfield).—"When flat racing begins again, I am going to make a fortune." It is refreshing to hear from a brother optimist.

ELIZABETH L. (W. Bromwich).—"As you know, I have just become a reader of JOHN BULL." The best thing you ever did in your life, Liz.

CONSTANT READER (King's Heath).—"There is a scramble in our house every week for JOHN BULL." Your nom-de-plume should be "Discrimination."

ANTI-WASTE (Roker).—"How many secretaries did the late Prime Minister have?" We are not sure, but fancy it was one for every day in the week.

CORINTHIAN (Wembley).—"Our heavyweights are not much good at fighting." Maybe not, but we think it discreet to be polite to Joe Beckett.

W. T. H. (Kilburn).—"Since I fell upon bad times, I am astonished to find that my popularity has waned." Your astonishment is in direct ratio to your youth.

DISGUSTED (Birmingham).—"We've got a woman here every bit as bad as London's wicked woman." And we were under the impression that Queenie was the limit!

WOULD-BE LINGUIST (E. Ham).—"What is the best way to learn a language?" Live in the country where it is spoken. For the moment, we suggest you avoid Greek or Turkish.

BILL BAILEY (N. Woolwich).—"Isn't it about time those homes for heroes were coming along?" Now that the bricklayers are said to be working a little faster, there may be something doing.

LIMPET (Whitehall).—"You know, we are not all as bad as one another." Dear us!

A. M. B. (Worksop).—"Are the Boy Scouts a military organisation?" No; nor the Girl Guides.

FLATTERED (Lewes).—"My friends say I am very like Arbuckle." Then you need more exercise.

P. J. C. (Poole).—"Our modern scheme of education is all wrong." Our ancient scheme was much worse.

WORKING MAN (Kennington)—"I am glad you have exposed the scandal of the price of beer." Pleased you're glad.

HILARIOUS (Millwall).—"Life is one huge joke." Rather, a series of jokes of assorted sizes, some good and some bad.

STICKLER (Beckenham).—"It always strikes me as inane to hear people say 'quite' when they mean 'yes'." Quite.

PHILOSOPHICAL (Braintree).—"I believe in taking everything as it comes." Provided it is yours, of course?

POOR BUT HONEST (Devizes).—"Some of our politicians ought to suffer real poverty." Some of them do—of brains.

JOHN BLUNT (Warlingham).—"Of all the sins of mankind, I think hypocrisy is about the worst." And you're about right.

DISGRUNTLED (Crouch End).—"Our banking system is by no means perfect." Have you had a cheque referred back to you?

M. R. C. S. (Stratford).—"Paper money is a great factor in the dissemination of disease." It is a risk we, for one, cheerfully take.

Mrs. H. (Stoke).—"Late suppers don't agree with me." It is true our interests are catholic, but this news leaves even us cold.

T. W. A. (Liverpool).—"Mothers-in-law don't deserve all the hard things that are said about them." Glad to hear of your good luck.

GAFFER (Kendal).—"I remember when I was a lad——." It would be strange if you didn't; but spare us these reminiscent babblings.

HAROLD T. (Reigate).—"Do you think side-whiskers will ever again be fashionable?" We doubt it—and we are not shedding bitter tears, either.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

EDITH (Brighton).—"Last night I woke up with a start." How frightfully annoying.

FED-UP (Romsey).—"How is it that local newspapers are always so dull?" Not always, surely?

SONNY (Wigan).—"I'm the brightest spark in the whole town." Mind you don't set the place alight.

TIMID (Cupar).—"Would you like me to send you a poem?" We should like you better if you didn't.

MUSICAL (Warrington).—"What can one do to get rid of oldish gramophone records?" Tread on them.

REGISTERED READER (Greenock.)—"What is the best way to get rid of vermin?" Better see a chemist.

ARTY (Perth).—"The drawing I send you herewith is the first I have ever attempted." We can quite believe it.

NINA (York).—"I should like to give you a piece of my mind about coloured men." Evidently you know something.

JIM (Tolleridge).—"What would you do with a man who tells the same old story every time he meets you?" Have him muzzled.

W. G. R. (Uxbridge).—"Is it really wrong from the point of view of grammar to split an infinitive?" Well, strictly speaking, it is.

BIRDY (Northampton).—"What would the world be like if everybody was a millionaire?" There wouldn't be enough jam to go round.

EARNEST (Plymouth).—"Some of the magistrates up and down the country are really funny." Yes, they seem to mistake humour for justice.

PRIMUS (Durham).—"Why will people persist in pronouncing 'Sheik' as "sheck" instead of 'shayk.'" Ignorance, Primus, sheer ignorance

PUZZLED (Wembley).—"Why is it that a house to-day costs three times as much as a similar house before the war?" Frankly, we give it up.

VOX POPULI (Ancaster).—"Is public opinion guided by the Press, or vice versa?" A bit of each. JOHN BULL, however, always says what it thinks.

SKATER (Woodbridge).—"Winters do not seem to be so severe as they used to be." We have had a lot of complaints about this sort of thing, but even we are helpless here.

GINGER (Cardiff).—"You ought to send down here if you want to see some 'thinks.' We've seen 'em. They're just as bad a lot as some of their kin in Limehouse.

TENNYSONIAN (E. Grinstead).—"I guarantee that the enclosed poem is my own unaided work." That makes your crime all the blacker. Your nom-de-plume is, to put it mildly, inapt.

G. L. T. (Dunfermline).—"One need never mind what people say if one has a clear conscience." And a thick skin.

JOCK (Glasgow).—"Of course, Old Scotland stands where she did." Altogether boys. HOO-ray!

UNBELIEVER (Barnet).—"Anthropomorphism is more than I can stomach." We, too, are vegetarians.

MAVIS (Cardiff).—"I suppose one grows accustomed to having compliments heaped upon one." Yes, we suppose one does.

DOUBTFUL (Sheffield).—"I've an idea that firms who offer wonderful bargains for practically nothing are frauds." We are quite certain they are.

ROMANTIC (Torquay).—"Silk stockings were only made for the wealthy." Dear me, no. Buy "Romance" to-day and see how to get a pair free!

WIDE-AWAKE (Grasmere).—"In my opinion, murder is becoming far too common." For once, at any rate, no one is likely to dispute your opinion.

ALIVE-O (Preston).—"Is there anything at all in all this clap-trap about eternal youth?" Oh yes. Fat cheques for those who advocate it, for instance.

MAMIE, (Nottingham).—"Have you got room in your paper for another really big scandal" Well, yes, we dare-say we could manage to squeeze it in somehow.

VEXED (Morpeth).—"The ease with which some people are taken in by swindlers is positively amazing" There is no need to be swindled if people will ask our advice.

G. P. (Port Glasgow).—"I love to hear the skylark's song; I love to hear the linnet. I love to hear the little brown wren, It's lovely how they sing it." Oh! cheese it!

SUPERSTITIOUS (Bradford).—"I dreamt the other night that someone had left me a fortune. Does this mean anything?" Not much. Hope you had a good time while it lasted.

POET (Rochdale).—"Could you put a nice love tale in your paper to please my young lady." We could, but at the moment it would mean knocking out something more deserving of publicity.

BILLIARDS (Manchester).—"It's a marvel to me how the professional billiards players run up such tremendously big breaks." S'easy. Just a matter of a table, six pockets, three balls, a cue and years of practice.

MABEL (Loughborough).—"I've often sat down to write you a nice long letter, but somehow I cannot put down exactly what I feel." That's a pity, Mabel. Still your brief notes are very sweet.

A. P. (Blackburn).—"I wish you would accept a special article from me explaining how the Empire can 'get on top for prosperity.'" You are the fifteenth-hundredth to offer us this article.

ANNOYED (Darlington).—"Is there any earthly reason why the police should not put a stop to the practices of the beast Queenie Gerald." Give them a chance. They've only known the woman for about six years.

CURIOUS (Rugby).—"Have you ever found yourself in the awkward predicament of being stuck for the right word?" No. At least not since we overheard an argument between the driver of a taxi-cab and a Covent Garden porter.

R. G. (Limehouse).—"I have entered four times in *Bullets* but my winnings have been knill." Sorry, old sport, but knone of your *Bullets* were knearly knent kenough."

(Continued on page 26.)

Going—going—g——!

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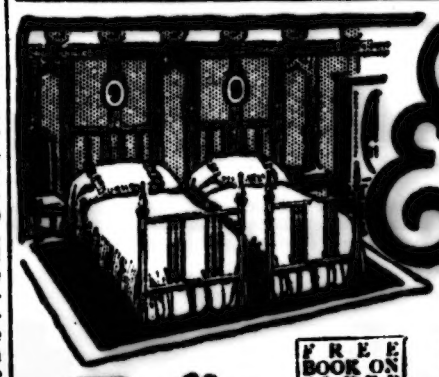

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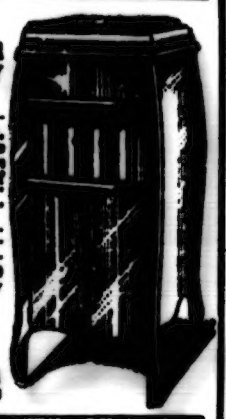

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WOOLWICH, S.E. 18.—R. ADAMS, 58, Wood Street.
KENT.—G. GISSING, Varnes Street, Eccles.
LR. EDMONTON, N. 9.—H. ROBINS, 27, Gordon Road, Bounces Road.
HIGHGATE, N. 6.—Mrs. J. WALLER, 76, South Wood Lane.
WILTS.—Mr. H. COOK, Church Road, Forest, Melksham.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. A. BROWN, 51, Caroline Street, Hulme.
LEEDS.—Mr. J. WOODHEAD, 14, Lewis Place, Oldfield Lane.
GREENWICH, S.E. 10.—Mr. E. BEAVIS, 52, Banaling Street.

STORM.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. A. H. L. CANHAM, 45, Ebrington Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS.
(£3 per Week.)

COLCHESTER.—Mrs. H. MAY, 15, St. John Street.
Nr. HARROGATE.—Mrs. F. CUSTANCE, 10, Albert Place, Starbeck.
WANDSWORTH, S.W. 18.—Mrs. C. COOKE, 40, Malva Road.
FIFE.—Mrs. J. RITCHIE, Gammie Place, Cardenden.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. M. A. LAWRENCE, 70, Leyshon Street.

(£1 per Week.)

STAFFS.—Mrs. E. MOLAY, 72, Hope Street, East Vale, Longton.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—H. HETHERINGTON, 15, Grace Street.
E. YORKS.—Mrs. I. MARRIOTT, Ivy House, Humber Lane, Patrington.
BALHAM, S.W.—Mrs. R. JACKSON, 83, Zennor Road.
MANOR PARK, E.—E. STINKS, 92, Alverstone Road.
BRISTOL.—J. TAYLOR, 117, Victoria Road, Bedminster.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. K. ARMSTRONG, 25, Thornton Lane.
EDMONTON, N.—Mrs. F. BERGENER 27, Hazelbury Green, New Hyde Estate.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. S. A. ROSS, 19, Dock Street, Tyne Dock.
SUNDERLAND.—Mr. J. CORBETT, 29, Vine Street, East End.
GLAM.—Mrs. L. Phipps, 19, Brynhyfryd, Tylerstown.
OGMORE VALE.—Mrs. M. A. EVANS, 2, Pentreballey Terrace, Lewistown.
WILTS.—Mr. C. W. STYLES, Chelworth, Crickdale.
LOWER SYDENHAM, S.E.—A. Smith, 6, Kirtley Road.
W. KENSINGTON, W. 14.—A. STEMSON, 16, Cumberland Terrace.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. E. McCALL, 5, Bridge Cotts., Stonehouse.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. BOOTH, 42, Great Tindal Street, Ladywood.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. CAMERON, 113, Mill Street, Rutherglen.
LAVENDER HILL, S.W. 11.—Mrs. A. HEATH, 34, Gideon Road.
ABERTRIDWR.—Mrs. A. MARTIN, 86, Ham Road.
LEEDS.—Mrs. R. A. HOLDSWORTH, 54, Myrtle Street, Regent Street.
ILFORD.—Mr. L. DICKS, 30, Kingswood Road, Goodmayes.
TODMORDEN.—W. R. RENNARD, 10, Satellite Street, Meadow Bottom.
CAVERSHAM.—A. J. SWEETMAN, Red Cow Inn, 56, Star Road.
E. I.—Mrs. F. ELLIS, 55, Elbow Lane Pwgs., High Street.
WALSALL.—Mrs. H. DAVIS, 12, Littleton Street, West.
ULSTER.—Mrs. E. LEEMAN, Beech Hill, Armagh.
PENGAM, MON.—Mrs. E. DAVIS, 112, Pencoed Avenue, Garden City.
COLCHESTER.—Mrs. S. G. BROOKS, 18, Vineyard Street.
GLAM.—Mr. F. BOURNE, 12, Coronation Terrace, Porth, Rhondda.
LANCS.—Mrs. E. FENNEY, 24, Wareing Street, Widnes.
CAERPHILLY.—Mrs. M. A. GORE, 9, Rhos Street.
BEVERLEY.—Mrs. E. JOHNSON, 10, Coburgh Terrace, Holme Church Lane.
GLAM.—Mrs. E. FOWLER, 18, Brynfryd, Tylorstown.
NOTTS.—Mr. J. STARKEY, 2, Hardwick Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield.
GLAM.—Mrs. J. ROBERTS, 29, James Street, Mardy.
FIFESHIRE.—Mrs. A. BOYTER, 24, Aitken Place, Leven.
ILKESTON.—Mr. G. BENSON, 54, Andrews Avenue, Larklands.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. HOWELL, 24, Richmond Street, Ardwick.
Nr. NEWPORT.—Mrs. E. JOHNSON, 23, Sherborne Road, Sebastopol.
SOUTH WOODFORD, E. 18.—Mrs. CHINNERY, 9, Victoria Road.
NEWPORT.—Mrs. M. WATKINS, 45, Bristol Street, Maindee.
PENYRHOEL (Caerphilly).—Mrs. D. LUCEY, 19, Second Avenue, Treceynydd.
SOUTH WALES.—Mrs. J. SETTERFIELD, 28, Greville Road, Milford Haven.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr. A. BURGESS, Sandy Lane, Brown Edge.
SUFFOLK.—Miss E. H. GARRETT, Bredfield, Woodbridge.
Nr. ROCHESTER.—Mrs. M. A. STYLES, 4, Dickens Terrace, Walnscott.
COWDENBEATH.—Mr. A. PHILPS, 9, Belmont Terrace, Lockgelby Road.
LANCS.—Mr. W. TURNER, 190, Crow Lane, West Earlestown.
RUNCORN.—Mr. J. BROWN, 29, Nelson Street.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. M. DAVIS, 157, St. Helens Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. A. HIBBARD, 365, Sharrow Vale Road.
GOSFORTH.—Mrs. L. PAISLEY, 27, Ashfield Road.
UPPER NORWOOD, S.E.—Mrs. E. WHEELER, 33, Palace Road.
SALTLEY (Birmingham).—Mr. F. PRATT, 54, Adderstey Road.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. CREELLIN, 14, Tees Street, Kirkdale.
HACKNEY, E. 2.—SAMUEL TERRY, 24, Seawfield Street.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. A. PAYNE, "Hill Crest," Plymstock.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. A. REED, 39, Richmond Road.
BATHGATE, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. A. GOODWIN, 56, Paulvill Row.
BURNLEY.—CLIFFORD LISTER, 105, Berry Street.
SALTLEY (Birmingham).—Mrs. J. GILES, 22, Coachman Road.
RICHMOND.—Mrs. C. M. LOCKWOOD, 4, North Parade.
LARKHALL, LANARK.—Mrs. C. BALLANTYNE, 129, McNeil Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. H. M. WILLIAMS, 18, London Road, Perry Bar.
LEEDS.—J. CUSWORTH, 15, Highfield Crescent, Wortley.
WIGAN.—Mrs. R. DONOHUE, 16, Walmer Street, Poolstock.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. DOWELL, 82, Hawes Lane, Rowley Regis, Blackheath.
APPLEDORE, N. DEVON.—C. F. STAINES, 47, New Street.
MON.—E. SAUNDERS, 18, Bedwellty Pits, Tredegar.
DEVON.—Mrs. F. MORIARTY, Compton, Maridon, Nr. Paignton.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. LAMOND, 19, Cowlairs Road, Springburn.
OXON.—F. W. GILBERT, Shill Bridge Road, Carterton.
KIRCALDY.—Mrs. H. CHRISTIE, Cluny Bridge.
ST. HELENS, LANCS.—Mrs. A. GOODIER, 25, Queen Street.
STAFFS.—Mrs. C. PEARSON, 41, Little Cottage Street, Brierley Hill.
Co. ANTRIM.—Mrs. F. STEWARD, 44, Charlotte Street, Ballymoney.
ABERDARE.—Mr. H. F. CARTER, 31, Gladstone Street, Aberman.

Forms on page 2. SIGN NOW.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 26.)

F. J. B. (Hornsey).—"What do you think of horn-rimmed glasses?" We hate the taste of 'em.

SIMPLICITAS (Ilfracombe).—"We are groaning beneath the incubus of an amorphous oligarchy of antagonistic units." There is no cure for this.

A. P. (Euston).—"The day is coming when the Bolshevik flag will fly over the House of Commons." This strikes us as a flight of fancy.

VIS ET VIM (Macclesfield).—"I suggest that kissing should be abolished, and that we should substitute rubbing noses, as the Polynesians do." Sounds rather rubbish!

TYRO (Huddersfield).—"Would a poem of 123 stanzas on The Renascence of Femininity have any chance of publication?" It stanza poor chance.

C. M. H. (Rotherhithe).—"The loss of sight increases a man's mental capacity." The sooner you begin to wear glasses, the better.

COSMOPOLITAN (London, W.).—"Why shouldn't the Continental café system be established in London?" It is a question of weather or not it would succeed.

BOW STREET (Canterbury).—"The witness wouldn't raise his eyes from the ground." Perhaps the legal lights were glaring.

OLD LAG (Hammersmith).—"The biggest mistake made by criminals is to be found out." Surely the real mistake is to be found in, when the police call to arrest them.

ORNITHOLOGIST (Glasgow).—"Is it wrong to keep love-birds in cages?" They like you better if you keep them in chocolates.

MRS. F. (Upminster).—"In the midst of life we are in death." In debt, surely?

S. W. T. (Didcot).—"I trod on a girl's dress at a dance and tore it. What should I have done?" This was obviously a case for redress.

FANCY (Lincoln).—"I have a dog which I want to exhibit. How should I set about it?" If it is a bulldog, we shouldn't.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

THE SHOP WINDOW

OWING to a printer's error, the telephone number in S. A. Barry & Co.'s advertisement last week was given incorrectly. It should be Clerkenwell 4209. As Messrs. Barry pride themselves upon their prompt attention to all instructions, and especially those given per telephone, this was unfortunate. They are offering an excellent wool tweed suit for £2, made to special measure, and will send self-measurement chart, fashion plate and patterns free to our readers.

Other points worth noting in the advertisements are:—

HOSKIN & SEWELL.—Bedsteads £3 to five guineas. Sleep book sent free.

GIBBS DENTIFRICE.—Two special sample offers.

CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.—Handsome instruments at prices ranging from £7 15s. to 13 guineas.

WAVERLEY BOOK CO.—Offer two free illustrated booklets.

NEWPINES.—Offer £500 prizes in a simple competition.

Many other interesting items will be found in the advertisement pages.

All trade announcements are covered by our guarantee.

Our £500 Winner

MR. JAMES CARRINGTON, 43, Rivington Avenue, Windlehurst, St. Helens, who won the *Bullets* £500 first prize, is proud of the fact that he has "arrived" after a long journey in search of a big award. Previous efforts had never brought him more than 5s., but the line: "Principal Girl"—"Peach" But Not "Melba," deservedly gained the highest distinction. It is particularly meritorious because it is an example of how a completely original *Bullet* can be evolved by starting from quite a commonplace beginning. There is nothing new in calling a girl, "principal" or otherwise, a peach, but, carrying on the idea, the title of a dainty sweet "Peach Melba" suggested a novel contrast—the pantomime beauty, attractive to the eye, but without the voice of a "Melba." Mr. Carrington relies entirely on his own efforts in *Bullet* making.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 471.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. W. DAVIES,
28, Lewisham Road, Lewisham, S.E. 13.
Example:—THOUGHTFUL
Bullet:—"FRENCH VIEWS" MAKE UP.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. F. MASTERS, 68, Holme Slack, Preston, Lancs.
Example:—STARTING WELL
Bullet:—DOWN—WISE EMPLOYER'S SON.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

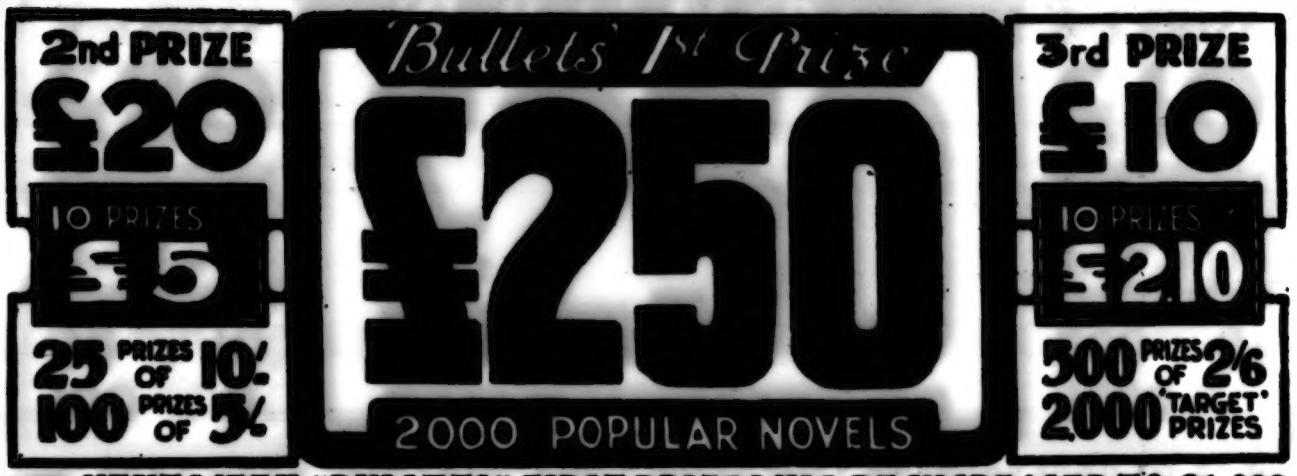
Mr. PERCY RICHARDSON, 32, Clarence Street, Fulham, S.W. 6.
Example:—NOT TO BE HAD
Bullet:—ATTITUDE TIP SOON ALTERS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. DUTCH, 40, Hornby Road, Walton, Liverpool:
WISEST PLAN—TAKING HOLIDAY WITHOUT ONE.
W. G. HAUGHTON, Raby Park, Neston, Birkenhead:
WITHOUT A RIVAL—"HAND" WE LIKE "HOLDING."
D. J. THOMAS, Rose Cottage, Llwynhendy, Llanelly:
GOOD CAUSE—WON'T BEAR QUARRELLING OVER.
R. L. CLARK, Junr., 66, Grange Rd., Langside, Glasgow:
TRYING TO FORGET—ONE WAY—INCREASES REVENUE.
E. FIELDEN, 185, Henshaw Terrace, Walsden, Todmorden:
NOT TO BE HAD—TOMMY SQUEEZES DOCTOR'S BAG.
GEORGE FOWLER, 20, Summerfield Terr., Aberdeen:
GOOD CAUSE—SOAP-BOX'S FIRST MISSION.
F. TIBBETTS, 60, Broad Green, Wellingborough:
SAUCY IMP—SENT "SPANISH PRISONER" FILE.
HERBERT KINNELL, 3, Duddingston Crescent, Portobello, Edinburgh:
WISEST PLAN—REACHING SOLVENCY THROUGH SACRIFICE.
E. G. HARCOURT, Crown Hill, Alton, Hants.:
WISEST PLAN—FOR RESTLESS—LESS REST.
CHARLES CLARKE, 338, Higher Walton Road, Higher Walton, Preston:
NOT TO BE HAD—PROSPERITY—BY WAVING WAND.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

DAVID CUNNINGHAM, 11, Murrayfield Place, Edinburgh:
AFTER LUNCH—HUNGER-MARCHING—VEGETARIAN'S CAT.
Miss V. M. H. STOCKS, 6, Archway Cottages, Leiston, Suffolk:
STARTING WELL—REVUE WITH "TROPICAL" SETTING.
REG. MOORE, 125, Stamford St., Old Trafford, M/c.
WITHOUT CEREMONY—"BILL! THIS IS 'ER."
F. DAWSON, c.o. W. Heath, 22, Foregate Street, Stafford:
BAD MARE—SCORNFUL OF WORSE ROUBLE.
FRED STEVENS, c.o. Dunlops, 7, Nicholas Street, Bristol:
USING HIS HEAD—BETTER THAN DECAPITATING STATESMAN.
THOMAS McLOUGHLIN, 20, Far Bk., Pleasant Street, Haslingden, Lancs.:
JUST IN TIME—FOR ANOTHER DICKENS—BOASTAL
ARTHUR C. CHERINGTON, 27, Port Dundas Road, Glasgow:
IMPROVING BUSINESS—NOT MINDS—SOME NEWSPAPERS.
Mrs. L. M. FLEMING, 92, Ernest Road, Portsmouth:
WITHOUT CEREMONY—BRITONS WOULD FEEL DEFRAUDED.
ARTHUR E. FELLOWES, 164, Woodcross Lane near Bilston, Staffs:
OVER THE TEACUPS—MANY JUDGED—FEW ACQUITTED.
MORRIS HAMPTON, 6, Vulcan Road, Brorkley, S.E.4:
BLOOMING CHEEK—NEIGHBOURS SENT WIFE PERISCOPE.



NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 473.

OVER THE COALS
HAPPY EVENT
GAINING GROUND
RISKY MOVE
PUBLIC PROPERTY
BROUGHT TO BOOK
FULL SPEED AHEAD
FATAL
CHOOSING WISELY
LONGER HOURS
DAWN OF REASON
GENUINE ARTICLE
MISTAKEN KINDNESS
SILENT STAGE
CALL AGAIN
FETCHING GIRL
BLESSING IN DISGUISE
JUST AS WELL
COME TO STAY
BAD TASTE
AS BEFORE
SILVER LINING
NEARLY
NOT GUILTY
FAT LOT
RAISING THE WIND
JUST LIKE FATHER
AFTER A JOB
NEVER TOO LATE
IN A HURRY
A NEW TIE
BIT BY BIT

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the Three First "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 473 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 471, can now be seen in the window of Mr. T. Roberts, 4, Strand, Charing Cross, Holborn.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two Examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet: WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 473, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 1.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(473) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 1.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(473) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____
Address ____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 1.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(473) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____
Address ____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 1.
Example ____
Bullet
Example ____
Bullet
(473) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____
Address ____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 474.

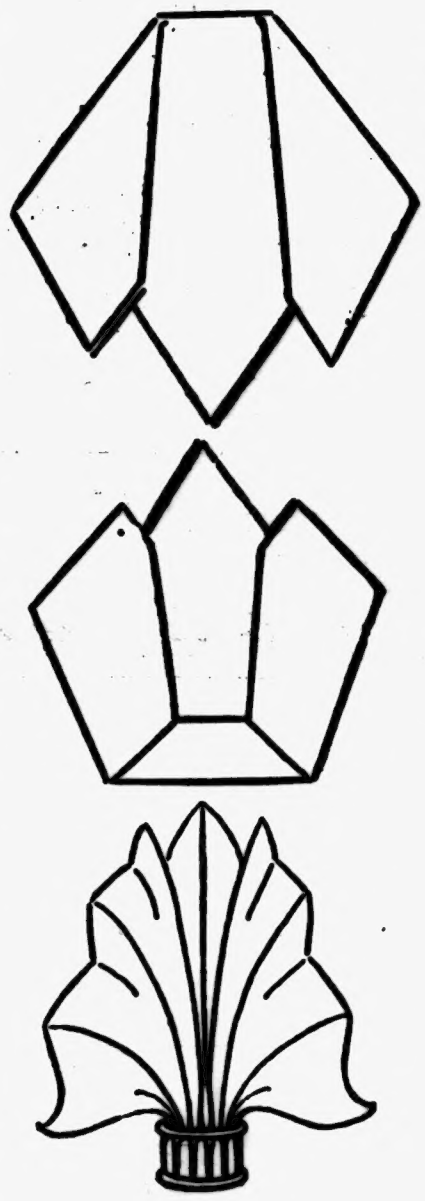
FRANCE AND GERMANY—SHUFFLING—FOLLOWING THE CROWD—ANOTHER STORY—GOOD FOR ENGLAND—AT HER WORST—IN A TRAP—TELLING—NEXT TO NOTHING—HIGHER WAGE—BETTER THAN WORK—WHEN I WAS YOUNG—A FLAT—NEVER MISSED—A MERE COVER—EITHER NOT—WHEN CURTAIN FALLS—MY MISFORTUNE—ON VELVET—STAGE FRIGHT.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 474 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 474, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 474.

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 471 will be published in next week's "Correspondence Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

How to fold a Serviette.

THE PALM LEAF



FOLD the serviette across diagonally to form a triangle, and if very large fold again still retaining the triangular shape. Then turn up the two ends to form three points as shown in diagram 1. Fold up the lower edge as in diagram 2. Having pleated up the serviette in regular folds fan like, place in ring or glass to stand up as in diagram 3.

OMO

BLEACHER-CLEANSER-PURIFIER.

As every housewife knows, the secret of a dainty table display is table linen of fresh, spotless whiteness. Omo is a specialist in making linen snowy white.

It is difficult to keep table linen free from stains, and in the ordinary way it is equally difficult to remove them. Omo does it quickly. The most obstinate tea, coffee or fruit stains cannot resist Omo, for it bleaches, cleanses and purifies at the same time.

NOT FOR COLOURS, WOOLLENS or FLANNELS.

Mix the OMO in a small basin with sufficient cold water to make a thin cream, using one tablespoonful of OMO for every gallon of water.

Pour contents of basin into cold water in the copper and stir until all the OMO is completely dissolved. Then put in the clothes and bring slowly to the boil, following complete directions on packet.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.

0 123—21a. R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON.

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